

# THE BOURBON NEWS.

CHAMP & MILLER, Editors and Owners.

PRINTED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

Established FEB. 1, 1881.

SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1897.

NO. 84.

## C. F. BROWER & CO.

Our special sale of oriental goods, planned months ago, opens with great promise to-day. It is

### Certainly A Beautiful Collection.

And we feel that the people of Lexington and vicinity will appreciate the advantages of this opportunity and

### Purchase Freely.

Every make and design, every combination of colors, ranging in price from \$8 to \$110.

### Wear Considered.

They are the cheapest rugs made. Look them over. Visitors to the city especially invited.

### First Floor Prices in Plain Figures.

READY NOW.

## C. F. BROWER & CO.

LEXINGTON, KY.

## CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

### TIME TABLE.

EAST BOUND.	
Lv Louisville.....	8:30am 6:00pm
Ar Lexington.....	11:15am 8:40pm
Lv Lexington.....	11:25am 8:50pm
Lv Winchester.....	11:55am 9:20pm
Ar Mt. Sterling.....	12:25pm 9:50pm
Ar Washington.....	6:55am 3:40pm
Ar Philadelphia.....	10:45am 7:45pm
Ar New York.....	12:40pm 9:05pm

WEST BOUND.	
Ar Winchester.....	7:30am 4:50pm
Ar Lexington.....	8:00am 5:20pm
Ar Lexington.....	8:11am 5:30pm
Ar Shelbyville.....	10:45am 7:20pm
Ar Louisville.....	11:05am 8:15pm

Trains marked thus † run daily except Sunday; other trains run daily. Through Sleepers between Louisville, Lexington and New York without change.

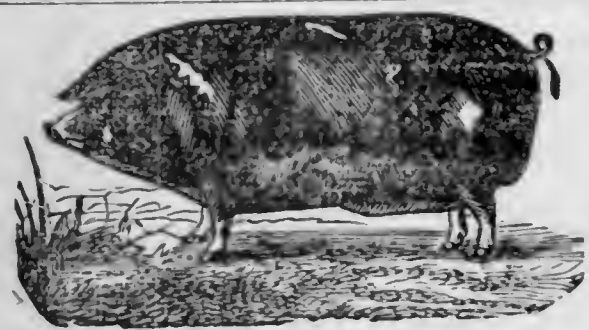
For rates, Sleeping Car reservations or any information call on

F. B. CARR,  
Agent L. & N. R. R.  
Or, GEORGE W. BARNEY,  
Div. Pass Agent,  
Lexington, Ky.

## H. A. SMITH, DENTIST.

Office over G. S. Varden & Co.

Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 5 p. m.



## Poland China Hogs. FOR SALE.

One male pig and three gilts of same litter. Eligible to register.

Good individuals, and of best strains of blood—five months old; weight 135 pounds. Call on, or address

GEORGE CLAYTON,  
HUTCHISON, KY.

## W. O. HINTON, Agent,

Fire, Wind and Storm Insurance.

THE VERY BEST. OLD, RELIABLE, PROMPT-PAYING.

## NON-UNION.

## BLUEGRASS NURSERIES FALL 1897.

Full stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Asparagus, and every thing for Orchard, Lawn and Garden.

We have no Agents, but sell direct to the planter, saving enormous commissions. Catalogue on application to

H. F. HILLENMEYER,  
LEXINGTON, KY.

### Consider the Quality

In buying your children's School Shoes. New Fall stock now arriving. low prices, but quality good.

RION & CLAY.

## Have You A Piano?

Is it a good piano? Would you like to exchange it for a better one?

## We Have Pianos,

and if you will answer the above questions we will send you a copy of "Musical Celebrities," a booklet 5x4 inches, 80 pages, containing portraits of thirty-eight famous singers, musicians and composers.

Mention where this advertisement was seen and enclose a two-cent stamp for postage.

Ernest Urchs & Co.,  
121 and 123 West Fourth Street.  
CINCINNATI, O.

## BOURBON FISCAL COURT ORDER.

It is ordered that an election be held at the several voting precincts of Bourbon county, at the next regular November election, 1897, to take the sense of the legal voters of said county shall issue bonds not exceeding the sum of \$50,000 for the purchase and maintenance of the turnpike roads in said county free of toll to the traveling public. It is therefore ordered that a poll be opened in each of said voting precincts in said county and the Sheriff of said county is hereby directed to advertise said election and the object thereof for at least thirty days next before the day thereof in some newspaper having the largest circulation in the county and also by printed hand bills posted up at not less than four public places in each voting precinct in the county and at the Court House door.

ED. D. PATON, C. B. C. C.

By virtue of the above order I will at the next regular November election, 1897, open a poll at each of the voting places in Bourbon county to take the sense of the legal voters of said county as to whether they will issue bonds not exceeding the sum of \$50,000, for the purchase and maintenance of the turnpike roads in said county free of toll to the traveling public.

E. T. BEEDING, S. B. C.

## A DESIRABLE FARM At Private Sale!

A desirable farm, containing 90 Acres, SITUATED ON THE CUMMINS & HAWKINS' TURNPIKE, 8 MILES WEST OF PARIS,

is offered at private sale on easy terms. The farm is in a good state of cultivation; well watered for man or beast even in this dry time; is well improved with new dwelling (six rooms and hall), necessary out buildings, including an excellent frame tobacco barn sufficient to house 14 acres of tobacco; a great abundance of locust timber.

Mr. Jos. H. Hawkins, who lives near the farm, or Mr. Connor, who lives on it, will take pleasure in showing it to purchasers.

TERMS.—One-third cash, balance in one and two years, with interest from date.

J. Q. WARD,

Attorney in fact  
For E. M. Hildreth.

(12oct-6wk)

### MILLERSBURG.

News Notes Gathered In And About The 'Burg.

Robt. Savage spent Sunday in Flemingsburg, with friends.

Mr. Jas. F. Woolums spent Sunday at Maysville, with friends.

Mrs. Dicy Thorn lost her sorrel family horse, this week, from colic.

Mrs. F. M. Hurst went to Lexington, yesterday, to visit relatives.

Sheriff Beeding and family, of Paris, visited relatives here, Sunday.

Frank Bowden, of Paris, was the guest of relatives here, Sunday.

Mr. Jas. Dailey, of Lexington, was the guest of friends here, Sunday.

Mr. Tice Hutsell, of Chicago, arrived Saturday, and is the guest of relatives.

Rev. J. R. Laird returned Saturday from attending the Synod at Bardstown.

Sheriff Morris Hook, of Augusta, was the guest of Mr. Jas. A. Butler, Sunday.

Mr. Hanson Peterson, of Cynthiana, visited friends here, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. W. H. Fritz, of Carlisle, is the guest of Miss Bettie Hamilton, near town.

Mr. Louis Regan, of Moorefield, will move into the Speith property this week.

Mr. Lewis Layson returned Sunday to Detroit, after a week's visit with his parents.

Messrs. E. M. O'Neal and Joe Connell visited lady friends near Carlisle, Sunday.

Mrs. Victor Shipp, of Paris, was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. W. M. Miller, Sunday.

Mr. Jas. F. Summers and son, Jack, went to Flemingsburg, Friday, to visit relatives.

Mrs. Alex. Wallingford, of Flemingsburg, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Ed. Hull.

Mr. Chas. Calvert and wife, of Mason, were guests of the McClelland Bros., this week.

Miss Ella Shipp, of Paris, was the guest of Rev. Dan'l Robertson and family, Sunday.

The Torrent excursion Saturday took one hundred and twenty-five persons from this place.

W. G. McClintock went to Mt. Sterling, Saturday to attend Monday's court-day sales.

Mrs. W. F. Turner, of near Paris, was the guest of Mr. Ben Jones and family Friday and Saturday.

The M. F. C. is being painted a neat stone color, and is otherwise being substantially improved.

Mrs. C. C. Cook, of Georgetown, was the guest of Misses Mary and Lizzie Taylor, for several days.

Mrs. Joe Grimes and daughter, Miss Mary, went to Louisville and Bardstown, yesterday, to visit relatives.

Miss Gene Layson returned Saturday night from an extended visit with relatives, at Wilmington and Hillsboro, O.

J. H. Fulton will be found at his shop at all times. Clean, quick shave for ten cents; shampoo and hair cut in best style.

County Clerk Ed. Paton, of Paris, was here Friday shaking hands and also visited his daughter, Miss Effie, at the M. F. C.

Mr. Frank Cliff, of Maysville, and Mrs. Geo. M. Bascom and child, of Sharpshurg, are guests of Mr. John Peed and family.

Mrs. Ed. Robertson and two children, near Augusta, and Miss Maude Spears, of Lexington, are guests of Mr. Jas. A. Butler and family.

Mr. George W. Bain will lecture at the opera-house, for the benefit of the ladies of the Presbyterian Church, Monday night, Oct. 25th.

Evans, the miller, will grind your corn any day, trade you a cow feed, or sell you flour as low as any one. He also will saw your lumber. (It)

Miss Sallie Barnett will open her millinery store this week in the Woolums' residence, near the depot, and will be glad to have her friends call.

Dynamite is popular just now in this section, being used in blasting out ponds, pools and wells, in an attempt to find water, which is daily getting scarcer.

Messrs. T. Righter and Kirby Denton visited friends here Sunday. Meanwhile their horse wrecked their buggy and left for Paris, taking the shafts with him.

The following delegates of this place are attending the Methodist (Colored) Conference at Louisville: Rev. Sam Mitchell, Rev. Jas. Bell, P. E., and Sudie Miller, all colored.

The Flemingsburg nine will play the Ewing Station nine to-morrow, on the Carlisle grounds. Several players from here will assist. This will be the last game of the series.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.—I, or one of my deputies will be at Millersburg, Monday, October 25, at two o'clock p. m., to collect taxes for the year 1897.

E. T. BEEDING,

Sheriff Bourbon County, Ky.

Messrs. O. W. Rankin and Jas. Hutsell will leave to-day as delegates to the Grand Lodge of Masons, at Louisville. Mr. Hutsell will have a car of horses shipped to him Friday and will go on to Alabama.

STOLEN.—From hitch rack at Millersburg, on Saturday night, a black mare, 5-yrs.-old; about 15 hands; two white

feet in front; snip on nose; foretop clipped; mane worn by harness on shoulders. A liberal reward for recovery of mare. Apply to Geo. Stoker, or T. M. Purnell.

LOST.—A black cashmere fringed shawl, on Main street, yesterday morning, from a buggy. Liberal reward for return to T. M. Purnell.

### GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Theatrical And Otherwise—Remarks In The Foyer.

Georgetown amateurs will produce the play "A Box of Monkeys", to-night.

The Czar has made nobles of Jean and Edouard De Reszke, the opera singers.

Edward Langtry, husband of Lilly Langtry, the actress, died Saturday in an asylum in London.

Miss Harriett Wellington Glascock gave a Grecian entertainment last night in the Owenton court house.

"Hogan's Alley," one of the liveliest of farce comedies, will be seen at the opera house on Wednesday evening, the 27th.

Kisses taken without the consent of the fair lady are quoted at \$8.40 each by a New Albany (Ind.) court. There will be plenty of unbidden kisses in New Albany in future.

Creston Clarke plays at Macanley's in Louisville this week, appearing in "The Last of His Race," "The Lady of Lyons" and "David Garrick." He made a pronounced hit in Lexington Friday night.

Three persons were killed and over a score injured in Robinson's opera-house, Cincinnati, during the performance of "Dangers of a Great City" Friday night. The great central truss of the ceiling crashed down among the audience, and it is a miracle that many more were not killed.

Of the many taken to the hospitals, several will die, while others will be crippled or maimed for life. It is quite a coincidence that "The Dangers of a Great City" was being played, and that "Under The Dome" was the next attraction, and superstitious persons will note that the accident occurred on Friday.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

Tax receipts for 1897 are now ready and have been for some time. Please call and settle at once and save penalty.

E. T. BEEDING, S. B. C.

HUTCHISON

Fresh Paragraphs About The People In This Vicinity.

J. R. Bagge bought of Marshall Bros., of Avon, 43 hogs at \$3.50 per hundred.

Wood & Bagge shipped a car load of hogs and cattle to Cincinnati Tuesday night.

Judge H. C. Howard and John Woodford were in this precinct Friday looking after voters.

Miss Fannie Claybrook and Robt. Metzer went on the excursion to Tort-er Saturday.

BORN.—At Petersburg, Ky., to the wife of Rev. J. W. Harris, Oct. 14th, a son. Weight, 14 lbs.—seventh child.

Mrs. Emma Carpenter has rented the rooms at Moreland Lodge, vacated by Rev. W. Dorsey, and will take possession this week.

THE Northwestern's dividends to policy-holders are unequalled, and to procure Northwestern dividends you must carry Northwestern insurance. If

WHITEMORE'S "DANDY" Best on Earth

FOR RUSSET SHOES

WILLIE BUTLER, Bootblack,

At Davis, Thompson & Isgrig's.

## FALL SUITINGS AND OVERCOATINGS FOR \$5 LESS

Now than after September 18th. So come and avail yourself of this opportunity. Any one who will place their order between now and September 18th can save at least \$5. We want early Fall business. We will make things lively this Fall if first-class goods, high-class tailoring and low prices will do it. Remember our motto: We keep faith with the public by doing as we advertise.

## FINEST BUSINESS SUITS

In the world from

\$25 TO \$30

Our fall stock of suitings has been arriving daily. We have always undersold other tailors from \$10 to \$15 dollars on a suit. Other tailors will add \$5 more to the cost of theirs on account of the tariff. We will not. Therefore, our prices will be from \$15 to \$20 less than elsewhere.

All work done at home.

JOE MUNSON Cutter and Coatmaker, (formerly with F. P. Lowry & Co.)

## H. S. STOUT,

Manager Paris Furnishing and Tailoring Co.

## New Buggy Company!

Having purchased John Glenn's carriage works and repository, on corner of Fourth and High Streets, Paris, Ky., we are now prepared to do all kinds of repairing, painting and trimming of vehicles, such as carriages, buggies, etc. We also keep on hand a select line of new

## BUGGIES, BAROUCHES, SURRIES,

—everything in the vehicle line. The public is invited to inspect our stock and compare our prices. We have engaged experienced, expert workmen to do our work and insure satisfaction, and guarantee all jobs to be first-class.

Call and see us. Prompt attention to all orders.

## J. H. Haggard Buggy Company

HIGH ST., COR. FOURTH, - - - - - PARIS, KY.

MEANS PERFECTION WHEN APPLIED TO REPEATING RIFLES AND ALL KINDS OF SHOT-GUNS SINGLE-SHOT RIFLES AMMUNITION

Pronounced by Experts the Standard of the World. Ask your dealer for WINCHESTER make of Gun or Ammunition and take no other. FREE—Our new Illustrated Catalogue. WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., New Haven, Ct.

DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS. The only safe, sure and reliable Female PILLS ever offered to Ladies, especially recommended to married Ladies. Ask for DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS and take no other. Send for circular. Price \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., - - - - - Cleveland, Ohio.

For Sale by W. T. Brooks, Druggist.

## THE SUN.

The first of American Newspapers, CHAS. A. DANA, Editor

The American Constitution, the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever.

Daily, by mail - - \$6 a year  
Daily & Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

## The Sunday Sun

the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.  
Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year.  
Address THE SUN, New York.

## FRANKFORT & CINCINNATI RY.

In Effect March 1, 1897.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

EAST BOUND.	
Lve Frankfort.....	6:30am 3:00pm
Ar Elkhorn.....	6:40am 3:10pm
Ar Switzer.....	6:50am 3:20pm
Ar Stamping Ground.....	7:00am 3:30pm
Ar Davalls.....	7:10am 3:40pm
Ar Georgetown.....	7:20am 3:50pm
Lve Georgetown.....	7:30am 4:00pm
Ar Newtown.....	8:12am 4:42pm
Ar Centerville.....	8:22am 4:52pm
Ar Elizabethtown.....	8:32am 5:02pm
Ar Paris.....	8:40am 5:10pm

WEST BOUND.	
Lve Paris.....	9:20am 5:50pm
Ar Elizabethtown.....	9:30am 6:00pm
Ar Centerville.....	9:40am 6:10pm
Ar Newtown.....	9:50am 6:20pm
Ar Georgetown.....	10:00am 6:30pm
Ar Davalls.....	10:10am 6:40pm
Ar Stamping Ground.....	10:20am 6:50pm
Ar Switzer.....	10:30am 7:00pm
Ar Elkhorn.....	10:40am 7:10pm
Ar Frankfort.....	10:50am 7:20pm

GENO. B. HARPER, C. D. BERCAW,  
Gen'l Supt., Gen'l Pass. Agt.  
FRANKFORT, KY.



## MILITARY POSTS.

Assistant Secretary of War Starts Out on a Tour of Inspection.

He Will Visit Fort Crook and the Military Department of Dakota, Columbia, California and Texas—Col. Robinson Retires—Lieut. Baxter Promoted.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—Assistant Secretary of War Meikeljohn left here Thursday night on a tour of inspection of military posts in the west. Since his appointment early in the spring Mr. Meikeljohn has been on duty without intermission at the war department where he has made a most favorable impression by his courtesy and promptness and energy in the dispatch of public business. The assistant secretary goes direct to St. Louis, where he will inspect the post of Jefferson barracks and visit the site for a rifle range for the Jefferson barracks troops and adjacent posts which has been offered for sale to the department. The next stopping place will be Fort Leavenworth, Kas. Mr. Meikeljohn will visit Omaha, where headquarters of the Department of the Platte are located and will fully inspect Fort Crook near that city. Before his return to Washington he expects to visit also the headquarters of the military department of Dakota, Columbia, California and Texas, and such intermediate army posts and stations en route as can be inspected conveniently within the time limited for his trip, it being the purpose of the assistant secretary to familiarize himself as fully as possible with army life, and some of the more important military matters that come before him for official action. Before returning to the war department, Mr. Meikeljohn intends to visit his home in Nebraska for the purpose of attending to some private affairs that demand his consideration and to cast his vote in the coming election in that state.

## On the Retired List.

Col. Augustus G. Robinson, assistant quartermaster general, will be placed on the retired list of the army, on his own application, under the 40 years service clause. He is a native of Maine and was graduated at the military academy in 1853. He was transferred from the artillery branch to the quartermaster's department in 1863 and served throughout the war.

## Long Bicycle Run.

Lieut. H. D. Wise, United States army, started from the east front of the capitol at 5:10 o'clock Thursday morning on a bike for New York. He goes via Baltimore, Wilmington and Philadelphia and hopes to break the record between this city and New York, and reach his destination in 24 hours. He was paced by single riders between here and Philadelphia and between the latter city and New York will be paced by tandem teams of the New York Athletic club.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—United States Consul Smyth, at Carthage, in a report to the state department says that as a result of the new United States tariff, a most notable increase has followed in the shipment of ivory nuts from that port to the United States. The new tariff on vegetable ivory buttons has caused the crude article to be shipped to the United States instead of to Europe where it was formerly largely manufactured into buttons.

## EVANGELINA CISNEROS

Offered a Home by Mrs. Martha M. Purdy, of Kansas.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—Evangelina Cisneros, who has just escaped from the narrow walls of a Cuban prison, has been offered a home on the wide prairies of Kansas, where the barbed wire fences are the only suggestions of a trocha.

The woman's auxiliary of the Cuban committee met at the home of Mrs. Martha M. Purdy and discussed Cuban affairs, congratulating each other on the escape of Miss Cisneros, in whose interest the society had petitioned the pope and queen of Spain for clemency.

In the midst of the rejoicings Mrs. Purdy announced that she wrote to Miss Cisneros in New York, offering the young refugee a permanent home with her father and mother, Mrs. George M. Munger, in Greenwood county, Kansas. Mr. Munger now lives near Eureka, where he has a large fruit farm.

Mr. Munger lived for a time in Cuba, where he has many friends and acquaintances, and he speaks Spanish fluently. He and his wife are much interested in the Cuban question.

## Was it Murder or Suicide?

BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 15.—Matthew Rogers, a grocer at 136 West Randall street, and Mrs. Ida Wright, his mistress, were found dead in Rogers' house Thursday morning. Both had been shot. The police look upon it as a case of murder and suicide, but Rogers' relatives insist that it was the work of a former admirer of the woman. Her husband is living and is thought to be in West Virginia. The only other person in the house was a daughter of the dead woman, who knew nothing of the tragedy until awakened several hours after it occurred.

## Condemned Tea.

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 15.—Francis Seely, government tea inspector, condemned 830 chests of tea which arrived from the Orient on the steamship Monmouthshire. Several days ago he condemned 422 chests consigned to a Chicago firm. The entire lot was found to be old, trashy tea unfit for use.

## Gold Found in Wisconsin.

JANESVILLE, Wis., Oct. 15.—Gold has been found in Rock county, within eight miles of Janesville. Two farmers were in the city Thursday with samples of gravel taken from the farm which showed gold in fair quantities.

## FIELD'S RESIGNATION

Accepted By President McKinley With Kindly Expressions of Regard.

Justice Field Resigns Because of the Duties of His Office Becoming Too Arduous for His Strength—His Judicial Career Covers Many Years of Service.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—The following letter was given out Thursday afternoon:

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 12, 1897. Dear Mr. Chief Justice and Brethren:—Near the close of last term, feeling that the duties of my office had become too arduous for my strength, I transmitted my resignation to the president, to take effect on the first day of December next, and this he has accepted, with kindly expressions of regard, as will be seen from a copy of his letter, which is as follows:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Oct. 10, 1897."

"HON. STEVEN J. FIELD, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Washington, D. C.—My Dear Sir:—In April last Chief Justice Fuller, accompanied by Mr. Justice Brewer, handed me your resignation as associate justice of the supreme court of the United States, to take effect December 1, 1897."

"I hereby accepting your resignation, I wish to express my deep regret that you feel compelled by advancing years to sever your active connection with the court of which you have so long been a distinguished member."

"Entering upon your great office in May, 1863, you will, on the first day of next December, have served upon the bench for a period of 34 years and seven months—a term longer than that of any member of the court since its creation, and throughout a period of special importance in the history of the country, occupied with as grave public questions as have ever confronted that tribunal for decision."

"I congratulate you therefore most heartily upon a service of such exceptional duration, fidelity and distinction. Nor can I overlook the fact that you received your commission from Abraham Lincoln, and graciously spared by a kind Providence, have survived all the members of the court of his appointment."

"Upon your retirement both the bench and the country will sustain a great loss, but the high character and great ability of your work will live and long be remembered, not only by your colleagues, but by your grateful fellow-countrymen."

"With personal esteem and sincere best wishes for your contentment and happiness during the period of rest which you have so well earned, I am, dear sir,

"Very truly yours,

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

My judicial career covers many years of service.

Having been elected a member of the supreme court of California, I assumed that office October 13, 1857, holding it for five years, six months and five days, the latter part of the time being chief justice.

On the tenth day of March, 1863, I was commissioned by President Lincoln a justice of the supreme court of the United States, taking the oath of office on the twentieth day of the following May.

When my resignation takes effect my period of service on this bench will have exceeded that of any of my predecessors, while my entire judicial life will have embraced more than 40 years. I may be pardoned for saying that during all this period, long in comparison with the brevity of human life, though in the retrospect it has gone with the swiftness of a tale that is told, I have not shunned to declare in every case coming before me for decision the conclusions which my deliberate convictions compelled me to arrive at, by the conscientious exercise of such abilities and requirements as I possessed.

It is a pleasant thing in my memory that my appointment came from President Lincoln, of whose appointees I am the last survivor. Up to that time there had been no representative here of the Pacific coast. A new era had risen in the west whose laws were those of another country. The land titles were from Spanish and Mexican grants, both of which were often overlaid by the claims of the first settlers. To bring order out of this confusion, congress passed an act providing for another seat on this bench, with the intention that it should be filled by some one familiar with these conflicting titles and with the mining laws of the coast, and as it so happened that I had framed the principal of these laws, and was, moreover, chief justice of California, it was the wish of the senators and representatives of that state, as well as those from Oregon, that I should succeed to the new position. At their request Mr. Lincoln sent my name to the senate and the nomination was unanimously confirmed.

At the head of the court, when I became one of its members, was the venerable Chief Justice Taney, and among the associate justices was Mr. Justice Wayne, who had sat with Chief Justice Marshall, thus constituting a link between the past and future, and, as it were, binding into unity nearly an entire century of the life of this court.

During my incumbency three chief justices and 16 associate justices have passed away, leaving me precious remembrances of common labors and intimate and agreeable companionship.

The volumes of our reports show that I alone have written 620 opinions. If to these are added 57 opinions in the circuit court and 365 prepared while I was on the supreme court of California, it will be seen that I have voiced the decision in 1,042 cases.

These many years have indeed been years of labor and of toil, but they have brought their own reward; and we can all join in thanksgiving to the Author of our being that we have been permitted to spend so much of our lives in the service of our country.

With profound respect and regard, I am, my dear brethren,

Very sincerely and always yours,

STEPHEN J. FIELD.

Following is the court's reply:

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, WASHINGTON, Oct. 13, 1897.

Dear Brother Field—We are profoundly moved by the letter in which you announce to us your retirement from the bench. The termination of a judicial career of such length and distinction can not fail to inspire among all your countrymen, and indeed, wherever the realm of jurisprudence extends, a keen sense of loss which to your colleagues assumes the aspect of a personal bereavement.

For the intimacy necessarily incident to the conduct of work so constant, so exacting, and of such vital importance as ours, inevitably draws us together by ties of the closest character, and which can not be dissolved without emotions of deep sadness and regret. We feel that our parting involves not simply the deprivation of the assistance afforded by your learning, your vast experience, and your earnestness in advocacy of your convictions, but the severance of those relations which have contributed so much to lighten the hardest labors of the road.

This is not the time or place to dwell on the reputation you have achieved as a jurist. The record is made up and may safely be committed to the judgment of posterity.

But we can not part with you as an active member of the court without the fervent expression of the hope that you may be spared for many years to enjoy the repose you have so thoroughly earned and the commendation bestowed on good and faithful service.

The Conference Was a Failure.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Oct. 15.—The effort to adjust the difference between the coal operators of Kanawha valley and their men has failed absolutely, and President Ratchford left Thursday night for Columbus, disheartened over his failure.

Ex-Senator Jones' Remains.

PENSACOLA, Fla., Oct. 15.—The remains of ex-United States Senator Charles W. Jones, arrived here from Detroit, Mich., Thursday morning. The funeral services were held in the afternoon at St. Michael's Catholic church, which was crowded.

## THEATER DOME

In Robinson's Opera House, Cincinnati, Falls During a Performance.

Three Persons Instantly Killed and Many Wounded, Some Fatally, in a Panic That Followed—The Play Billed for Next Week Was "Under the Dome."

CINCINNATI, Oct. 18.—At the beginning of the first act of "Dangers of a Great City" at Robinson's opera house, Friday evening, there was a sharp crack in the ceiling of the theater, and a piece of plastering a foot long and three inches wide, fell into the orchestra from the east side. Many of the audience started to their feet, but there was no further intimation of trouble.

At the end of the second act the stage hands were setting the scenes, and little Alice Opie, child specialist, was in front of the curtain doing her act as "Yellow Kid." Suddenly and without further warning, the huge dome of the theater fell with a dead crash onto the chairs, a distance of a hundred feet.

A panic ensued. Women screamed, men groaned and the most frightful scenes were enacted. The little child actress ran behind the curtain, and all lights were extinguished by the breaking of the main electric wire. In five minutes ten patrol wagons and as many fire engines and ladder companies were surrounding the opera house, and a howling mob was rushing about interfering with the work of rescue.

Capt. Conway and his salvage corps, who were first on the scene, seized half a dozen bodies, and not stopping to see whether they were dead or alive, galloped off with them to the hospital. As fast as the patrol wagons arrived they were filled with limp bodies and rushed to the hospital.

While the excitement was at its height another crash came. It was the entire ceiling tearing away from the rafters and tumbling down upon the mass of struggling humanity below. It sounded like a whirlwind and the noise was heard for a square around. Hundreds rushed to the front of the building on the outside, but were met by the streams of people rushing from the inside and driven back across the street. Many were crushed under foot.

A man named Goldberg, living at 642 Barr street, was carried into the drug store of Al Boehmer at Eighth street and Central avenue. He had a fractured skull and was taken to the city hospital; will die.

Mrs. George Kleeman died at the hospital at 10 p. m. She was the daughter-in-law of Nick Kleeman.

Pearl Hall, of 817 Sycamore street, daughter of carriage-maker on East Ninth street, was badly hurt and taken to the hospital.

Henry Fleck, 602 Broadway, in balcony, and two children have not been heard from. They are not at the hospital.

A daughter of George Otte, of the water works department, is at the hospital, seriously injured.

Samuel Rosenblum, agent 16, of the Working Boys' home, on Sycamore street, was in the gallery. He is at the hospital in a dangerous condition.

The following are in the hospital more or less seriously injured: Della Algeier and her three children; Mrs. J. and Daisy Fairhead, S. E. Long, Mary Scudder, of Newport, Ky.; Grace Connors, C. J. Weiss, Will Morton, aged 17, Sixth and Broadway, jumped into a pit. Fred Jenks, aged 26, 1216 Richmond street; T. C. Wiley, Dayton, Ky.; W. J. McCabe, Clint Deal, Jacob Weil, Mary Hess, John White, Amelia Weil, Mary Howe, Mary Moorman, Twelfth and Clay streets.

The dead are: An unknown man, Miss Lucy Cohen and Mrs. Geo. Kleeman.

The show being played was "Dangers of a Great City." The show underlined for next week was "Under the Dome."

The cause of the accident Friday night seems to be easily discovered. Among the first who entered the building after the dome had fallen was President George W. Rapp, of the Cincinnati Chapter American Institute of architects.

"It was not that dome," said he, pointing to the huge heap in the center of the floor, "that caused the trouble. The fault lies with the roof trusses. The house has been built more than 25 years, and the wood has shrunk until the bolts and nails afforded the smallest possible security. One of these trusses had rotted away from its fastenings; it has parted and thrown the two sections down, and they in their descent pulled the dome with them. These wood trusses are of pine and they shrink very perceptibly in the course of years. They should be examined every five or six years. Modern structures are put up with steel trusses. The roof of this theater is liable to come down any minute."

Friday night's disaster recalls forcibly a more fearful one which took place in the same building in February, 1876. Friday night there was a real cause for the panic and loss of life; then there was no cause whatever except the wickedly foolish cry of fire started when a little sputtering hiss came from the calcium light in the upper gallery. The house was packed mostly with women and children to witness an allegory of America given by hundreds of school children.

Revolutionary Talk in Canada.

MONTREAL, Oct. 16.—An organization, known as the Canadian Independence club, has issued a manifesto which was distributed throughout the city Friday, stating that the time had come for Canada to throw off its connection with England.

Wanted Greenbacks Exchanged for Gold.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—The Bank of the British North America imported \$500,000 in gold a few days ago, and Friday sent the gold to the sub-treasury asking for greenbacks in exchange. The treasury officials declined the proposition.

## A MIGHTY FEAT.

Iron Bridge Replaced by One of Steel in Two and One-Half Minutes.

The Span Was 242 Feet Long, 25 Feet Wide and 30 Feet Deep—Nearly 1,700 Tons of Steel and Iron Moved a Distance of at Least 25 Feet.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 18.—The feat of replacing an iron bridge span 242 feet long, 25 feet wide and 30 feet in depth with one of the same dimensions of steel was accomplished in this city Sunday in two minutes and 32 seconds. In this space of time nearly 1,700 tons of iron and steel were moved a distance of 25 feet, and there was not a slip or a hitch in the entire proceedings. This remarkable feat of engineering was accomplished at what is known as the connecting railroad bridge over the Schuylkill just above Girard avenue. It is the bridge that bears the tracks of the New York division of the Pennsylvania railroad, the busiest division of the Pennsylvania system.

The time set for the replacement was the 48 minutes intervening between the passage over the bridge of the Chestnut Hill accommodation trains leaving Broad street station at 2:47 p. m. and at 3:35 p. m.

A work train crossed the eastern end of the bridge and stopped. The gangs of trackmen began to unscrew the rails of the westbound track on the old span. This done, the grapples of the work train took hold of the ends of the rails, the engine started up and the entire length of rails, 242 feet, was snaked off in short order.

Meanwhile four stationary engines, one at each end on a level with the bridge foundations and another at each end on scows securely moored at the base of the bridge piers, were puffing and emphasizing their readiness for the task they had to do. There was said to be less than a hundred horse power represented in these four engines, yet so well was everything arranged that they moved the leviathan without any apparent overexertion.

Then the signal was given for the little stationary engines to assert themselves. It seemed as if they all started at the identical instant. There was a tightening of the cables, an almost imperceptible creak of a wheel somewhere, and the big bulk began to move northward. It was like clockwork.

As the edge of the iron span began to show beyond the bridge piers the crowds on the north side of the river set up a shout, and as the breadth of the new steel span began to disappear behind the piers the crowds on the southern coigns of vantage also joined in the cheer, and almost before the cheer had died away the mighty feat had been accomplished. In just two minutes and thirty-two seconds from the time of starting the engines the new span occupied the exact position from which the old one had been removed.

## CHARLES A. DANA.

The Famous Editor of the New York Sun, Passes Away, Surrounded by His Family.

New York, Oct. 18.—Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun, died at his home in Glen Cove, Long Island, at 1:20 o'clock Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Dana's death had been expected for several hours, and his family and physicians were at his bedside when the end came. His condition had been such for several months that the members of his family kept themselves in constant readiness to go to his bedside at any moment. On Saturday morning he had a relapse, and it was apparent that recovery was impossible. Several times, however, he rallied, but toward night he began to sink. During the night there were feeble rallies, but they did not last long. Sunday morning it was seen that the end was but a few hours off, and his attendants remained almost constantly at his bedside. The end came quietly.



CHARLES A. DANA.

The extreme heat of Saturday and Friday had much to do with hastening death. On Friday Mr. Dana showed signs of distress, and everything possible was done to relieve him. He had been weakened by his long illness, and during the summer was several times thought to be on the verge of a fatal collapse, but each time rallied. He did not improve much with the coming cooler weather and the sinking spells became more frequent.

On Friday Mr. Dana was able to take only the lightest nourishment and this condition continued. Paul Dana and his sisters, Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Underhill and Mrs. Branan were at his home on Saturday morning and were warned to remain there. They were at the bedside when death came.

## Heavy Snowstorm.

DENVER, Oct. 18.—A special from Crested Butte, Col., says: A snowstorm struck this locality 36 hours ago which has broken all records here for this time of the year. In addition to 36 hours of continuous downpour it is still snowing, with no indication whatever of a letup.

Durrant Breaking Down.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 18.—Theodore A. Durrant, the convicted murderer of Minnie Williams and Blanche Lamont, whose fate depends upon the action of the supreme court of the United States is reported to be breaking down.

## POSTAL SERVICE.

There Are 1,164 Railway Postal Lines, Manned by 7,854 Clerks.

There Are 42 Steamboat Lines With 57 Clerks—Grand Total of Miles Traveled by All Classes of Service 282,830,031—Pneumatic Tube Mail Service.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18.—An abstract of the annual report of the general superintendent of the railway mail service follows:

At the close of the year there were 1,164 railway post office lines, manned by 6,854 clerks; 33 electric and cable lines, with 103 clerks; 42 steamboat lines, with 57 clerks, making total number of lines 1,239, and total number of clerks 7,013. In addition to these there were 311 clerks assigned to duty at important junctions and depots, and 238 detailed to clerical duty in the various offices of the service, making a grand total of 7,562 clerks.

The miles of railroad covered by railway post office car service was 154,225; of electric and cable, 303, and of steamboat lines, 7,459. The grand total of miles traveled of all classes of service was 282,830,031. There were 634 whole cars in use and 175 in reserve, and 2,026 apartments in cars in use and 540 in reserve.

The number of pieces of all classes of mail matter distributed on the cars during the year was 11,571,540,680, exclusive of registered matter and city mail. Of registered matter there were 16,256,663 pieces in all. The amount of city mail distributed for stations and carriers during the year aggregated 462,469,640 pieces. The increase of ordinary mail handled over the previous year was 3.7 per cent. A comparative table covering a period of 10 years shows that there has been an increase in the amount of mail handled of 77.2 per cent and increase in the working force of 48.6 per cent.

There were 559 casualties during the year, in which 14 clerks lost their lives, 33 were seriously and 75 slightly injured. This is a larger number of casualties and fatalities than has occurred during any previous year since the organization of the service. The passage of a bill for the relief of the families of clerks killed in the line of duty; of clerks injured and unfitted for service permanently, or temporarily, and for the retirement on partial pay of clerks who have served so long as to be unfitted for service, has again been urged.

The annual report of W. S. Shallenberger, second assistant postmaster general made public Sunday night gives an interesting review of the principal developments in the entire postal transportation service of the United States and connecting foreign mails. It shows an aggregate of appropriations for this large part of the postal service for the current year of \$51,041,238; the probable deficiency is \$500,000, making the estimated expenditures this year \$51,541,238. This will be \$1,033,045, or three and one quarter per cent more than for the fiscal year just closed. The estimate for the fiscal year, 1898, is \$53,357,260, which is \$1,796,021 more than the estimated expenditure for the current year. The annual rate for the inland mail service in the year just closed was \$49,862,074, and for foreign mail service \$1,791,170, after deducting \$258,029 for intermediary service to foreign countries.

Last year there was only one pneumatic postal tube in operation in the country, that in Philadelphia. Since then four more contracts have been executed in Philadelphia, New York, Boston and between New York and Brooklyn.

Concerning this new postal feature Gen. Shallenberger reports: "It is quite possible to carry second, third and fourth class matter as well as first, when it can be made profitable. Extensions to stations several miles distant from the main office, eventually, will save clerical force as well as expedite delivery in distant cities from 12 to 24 hours. The most important source of revenue to the department will be the large increase of local correspondence and special delivery letters. The extension of the tubular system will be necessarily slow and probably confined to populous centers."

## WINDSOR, N. S.

Almost Completely Destroyed by Fire—Nearly Four Hundred Buildings Burned—Loss \$3,000,000.

HALIFAX, N. S., Oct. 18.—Historic Windsor, one of the most beautiful towns in the province, was devastated by fire Sunday morning. For six hours, beginning shortly before 3 a. m., the fire, fanned by a violent northwest gale, raged so fiercely that the local fire department was absolutely helpless to cope with it and within half an hour after its discovery the mayor began to call for outside assistance. Long before noon the town had been eaten up almost completely, the area covered by the flames being nearly a mile square, and of the four hundred or more buildings that occupy the section, barely half a dozen scorched structures remain. Among the buildings that escaped are the Windsor cotton factory, King's college, the Anglican church, the Edgehill School for Girls and the Baffin hotel. The total loss is estimated roughly at \$3,000,000. While a number of the heaviest losers are partially insured and some of them pretty well covered, the total insurance is calculated to be not more than half a million.

## British Output of Steel.

LONDON, Oct. 18.—The Times announces that the British output of steel during the first half of the year 1897 was 2,350,927 tons, the largest output ever known for a similar period in the history of Great Britain or of any other European country.

Alleged Train Robber Acquitted.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 18.—John F. Kennedy, who has been on trial in the criminal court for the past week charged with being the leader of the Chicago & Alton passenger train robbery at Blue cut in December last, was acquitted Sunday.

## Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. HALL'S CATARRH CURE, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

## Of Course Not.

Mr. Huggins—Isn't Miss Roxy a peach? Miss Kittish—Yes, but she is not the only fruit in the orchard.—Detroit Free Press.

## Do You Play Whist, Euchre or Other Games?

The F. F. V. playing card is better than any 50 cent card on the market. Send 15 cents for one deck or 25 cents for two decks (stamps or currency) to C. B. Ryan, Ass't Gen'l Pass'g Agt. C. & O. Ry., Cincinnati, O.

How accommodating some men are to their wives when asked to do something they are doing to do anyway.—Washington Democrat.

Sudden cold—soreness, stiffness. Promptly Use St. Jacobs Oil. Sudden cure. Sure.

A lawyer doesn't know everything, but he thinks you think he does.—Chicago News.

Yexed? Yes, the nerves, by Neuralgia. St. Jacobs Oil soothes, cures it.

Never strike a man when he's down—especially for a loan.—Chicago News.

## Scrofula Cured

Face and Head Covered with Sores, but Hood's Has Cured Them.

"My face and head were a mass of sores, but since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla these sores have all disappeared. I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal for scrofula." IDA A. WEAVER, Palermo, Ill.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

## ALABAMA LADIES

Brave as Lions.

Mrs. Mattie Devonport.

Jefferson, Ala., writes: My husband was cured of Rheumatism by Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine, which I have used 10 years. Have tried both Zella's and "Black Druggist," and I think the A. Simmons' Medicine is far superior to any other. It is worth three or four of either the others.

## Insufficient Menstruation

Is sometimes caused by non-development of the parts, sometimes by obstructions in month of vagina, and sometimes by constipated bowels, but usually results from a debilitated condition of the system, which prevents nature from overcoming any unusual exposure, such as fright or cold. Dr. M. A. Simmons' Squaw Vine Wine builds up the system and cures the disorder, while Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine cures the constipation, indigestion, loss of appetite, pains in back, hips, head and limbs, which are usually present.

## John S. Purvis



## DON'T CROWD.

What's the use of all this shovin'?  
Big folks crowdin' down the small;  
Wonder why they can't be lovin'—  
Ain't much difference, after all.  
Though I'm poor, and you, my brother,  
Are a solid man of means,  
Folks can't tell us, which from t' other,  
Through them new X-ray machines.

Seems to me that I'd be willin',  
When I'd got an easy berth,  
Other people should be fillin'  
Up a little of the earth.  
I should hate for death to find me  
Grindin' my existence out—  
Hoardin' cash to leave behind me  
For my heirs to fight about.

Makes me think of children playin'—  
Makin' sand-heaps on the beach;  
Handful onto handful layin',  
High as ever they can reach,  
Till the comin' tide, a-frothin',  
Sends a big wave toward the land,  
And that pile just melts to nothin'  
But a hummock in the sand.

So, my brother, don't be greedy,  
Kinder help us on our way;  
Them that's wealthy, them that's  
needy.

Are the reg'lar kind of clay,  
And the march of time is swellin',  
And the years are bringin' round,  
Rich and poor, a common dwellin',  
Just a hummock in the ground.  
—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

## THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.

BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

[Copyright 1896, by J. B. Lippincott Co.]

## CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Neil's face was pale and a strange light shone in his eyes as he stepped in front of her, barring the way. "You could love me if you would let yourself—I know it!—and you are false to yourself when you turn from me like this," he declared, in a tense tone. "You are making a mountain out of this trouble of the mines, when between you and me it is as nothing. To me, indeed, there is nothing on earth that counts—nothing that I value in the least in comparison with your love. If I could have that, the rest would settle itself. I would concede anything—sacrifice anything—"

He stopped, looking about with a startled glance, his eyes coming back to her face, which wore a strangely frightened expression. There was a strong smell of burning wood about them, while a dark cloud was streaming up against the blueness of the sky behind the rocks which cut off all below from their view.

"What is it?" she exclaimed. But even as she spoke, there was a deafening explosion, while the sky seemed blackened by a rushing mass riddled with myriads of darker blotches, of which hundreds seemed to be falling all about them, fragments of still burning wood.

Wild with fright, Dorothy had thrown herself into the arms that were instinctively reached out to seize her. "What is it? Oh, what has happened?" she gasped, hiding her eyes shudderingly against his shoulder.

"It is nothing, sweetheart; you are safe," he murmured, his cheek laid caressingly against her soft hair. For the moment it appeared to him indeed that nothing counted against the fact that he was holding her there in his arms unharmed—against the sweet truth that she had come to that shelter of her own impulse; but the man of affairs was quick to awake in him even in all the tremulous joy of feeling that in this unconsidered action she had virtually conceded his heart's desire. "But I must leave you, dearest. You will not mind if I go for a moment to see what it is," he urged, tenderly holding her the closer to him for the thought of presently letting her go. "You will wait until I come back?"

"No; I will go with you," she rejoined, her cheeks still pale with fright. "Oh, I must," as his look seemed to dissuade her.

His thoughts had flown at once to the Mascot shaft-house, from his memory of a time when a similar explosion had rent the air to leave him almost penniless. Could it be that such devilish work had been repeated? She must not come. "No, dear one. Do you not see that, whatever has happened, we should not be seen coming back together?" he breathlessly argued, knowing that there was something she would surely heed. "Please, sweetheart," he pleadingly added, as she still hesitated.

"But must I stay here until you come back?" she helplessly questioned, trembling still as she drew away from him. "Will you surely come back?"

"Surely, if I can. If I do not come—wait ten minutes and then come yourself." So he breathlessly planned, moved to take her again in his arms, impetuously showering kisses upon her, in spite of all the awful possibilities of the moment, mad with joy that she did not repulse him. "Whatever happens, sweetheart," he passionately whispered as he left her, "remember that now you are mine—mine!"

Dorothy waited, nervously pacing back and forth, for a few minutes, trying to think what he had done, what it meant, and to what end it all portended. Did she love him? Had she loved him all the while? And what would her father say? But, unnerved as she was, with the dense cloud of smoke still rising and the confused sound of crashing timbers and hoarse cries continually growing louder, coherent thought was out of the question. Half of the time for which Neil had stipulated had not passed by before she could endure the suspense no longer and was hurrying down the hill herself, now filled with alarmed vexation that she had been induced to delay her coming at all, since it needed but a glance in the direction of the fire to tell her that it was the Grubstake buildings which were going. She knew enough of the costly machinery there housed to be appalled at her father's loss; but it did not occur to her to think of the graver menace until she met Harvey Neil coming back to her and somehow comprehended the awful tragedy in his face. She stopped as though turned to stone, staring at him with wild eyes, her lips parted but incapable of uttering any sound.

"You see—it is the Grubstake," he panted, his eyes full of pity and yearning tenderness, as he took both her nerveless hands in his. "They say the fire caught in the boiler-house and spread to the shaft-house in an instant. There were powder and giant caps stored there in the back room—that was what we heard. It was criminal of McCready, having such stuff there." He lingered over the broken sentences, warding off the question he knew must come.

"And papa—" she gasped, withdrawing her hands and making as though she would rush on down the hill to see without waiting for his answer.

"It is hoped that they are all right," he reluctantly returned, his eyes entreating her to have hope. "There are ten men down the shaft; but if the air holds good—it must be all right. There is sure to be time enough to save them."

"They cannot get out?" Her white lips formed the words, but he guessed rather than heard them.

"The steam connections and hoister, everything, went to pieces in the explosion," he slowly explained, his voice eloquent of compassion. "It was impossible for anybody to escape after the alarm was given. But as soon as we can get the fire out—Oh, darling, darling, don't look at me like that! Don't think of giving up until we know. The men were working in the levels quite away from the shaft, and the inference is that your father and McCready were with them. There is no reason to believe that they will not be gotten out all right."

"But you do not believe it! I can see in your face that you do not!" she passionately exclaimed, drawing back from him with a look of horror. "He is dead, and you know it! And to think that at the very moment he died I was—Oh, go away from me! I never want to see you again!—never, never! To think that I should have turned against him for you! And he the dearest and best of fathers—always so good to me, so good! It makes me hate you!"

He looked at her with pitying tenderness as at one distraught. "You do not know what you are saying, dear," he murmured, soothingly. "And you must not give up. I would not tell you so if it were not true. Your father is probably alive and unharmed. And in a little while he may be with you to laugh at all your fright. Don't give up yet, sweetheart."

"How dare you call me that—you?" she bitterly retorted, her eyes flashing blue fire upon him, her face like stone. "Do you not see that it is a judgment upon me for caring for you, for being untrue to him? Caring for you, did I say? Oh, how could I ever dream of such a thing! To care for you, you who brought him here, who were the cause of all this trouble!—you who, if he is dead, have been the cause of his death! I tell you that I hate you—I shall always hate you!"

As she went on in this growing frenzy she had been blindly hurrying down the hill, Neil keeping beside her with watchful eye upon her heedless steps, but now he stopped, his peremptory look bidding her also pause. His face was white and set, his eyes were full of sadness beyond words, but still his tone was very gentle as he said: "You must not come any farther, Dorothy. It is not fit for you." They were now so near the fire that burning bits of wood littered the grass all about them, while the smoke and heat from the well-nigh burnt-out shaft-house made the air stiflingly oppressive. Crowds of men were hurrying up the hill, many turning curiously to stare at the colonel's daughter. "You must not come farther," Neil said again, gently authoritative. "You can do no good here. I wish you would let me take you down to my cabin."

"To your cabin! no," she implacably returned, glancing away from him as though her eyes loathed the sight of his face. "But I will wait here—if you will go away."

He hesitated, reluctantly regarding her for an instant, but then, with a face as sad as her own, he walked away, to send to her a woman he had discovered among the crowd. It was Mrs. Morrison, who kept the Mascot boarding-house, a motherly soul, though her appearance always promised ill for the cleanliness of her cookery. Panting with good-humored hurry, she came up the hill to where the girl was standing, a sort of beaming pity upon her round, rosy face.

"Dear! dear! but we'd ought to be thankful it ain't no worse!" she fervently exclaimed, energetically stamping out a smoldering fog that threatened to set her gown afire.

Dorothy turned upon the intruder with a stony stare; but then, curiously touched by the look of kindly commiseration, her expression changed, her face nervously working in lines of pain as she replied, in a strange, choked voice: "But it could not be worse! oh, it could not!"

"Well, now, it might," returned Mrs. Morrison, in cheery argument. "I reckon there's never anything so bad that the Lord couldn't 'a' found a way to have it worse if He'd 'a' had a mind. If there'd 'a' been an explosion in the mine 'stead of on top, that would 'a' been enough right worse. But bein' it's the nature of powder to blow up 'stead of down, why, it jest natchelly stands to reason that them men ain't hurt a mite. Oh, you ain't no call to take on, honey—sure. I'd bet a dollar against a doughnut with anybody that they're all down there as live 's crickets this minute—jest natchelly swearin' 'n' ramplin' round, like enough, because it's gettin' on toward dinner time 'n' them without a bite. That's the man of it, you know. Nawthin' riles 'em quite so much 's gettin' left at meal times."

Dorothy looked at her with a sort of dazed bewilderment for an instant, breaking out into wild, hysterical laughter, which almost instantly turned to uncontrollable sobbing. Stirred to quick sympathy beyond any thought of social difference or arm-length ceremonial, the

woman caught her in a warm, motherly embrace, and, equally oblivious of the strangeness of such resting-place, the girl hid her face against the ample shoulder with the simple abandon of a child.

"There, there, honey, that's right. It'll do you good," murmured the woman, understandingly, soothingly patting Dorothy's back, while at the same time bestowing a nod of intelligence upon Harvey Neil, who had rushed up with anxious, pained face, although too discreet to utter a word of his eager sympathy, his will longing to be of some service to his love. "Women's hearts is like that. When they're full to bustin' nawthin' cases 'em up like a good cry."

Continually the crowd was increasing. A line of willing hands quickly formed to convey water from the Mascot pumps; while mothers, wives and children of the imprisoned miners, surrounded by sympathetic friends, looked on, sobbing and moaning. Hardly any impression seemed to be made on the flames until, after what appeared a long time in the possessing impatience, the extinguisher arrived from camp; and even then, when the fire was conquered, progress was tediously slow. The heavy blackened timbers were hot and difficult to handle, while, for want of space, only a few could work at clearing away the debris which choked the mouth of the shaft.

It was not until the middle of the afternoon that an attempt could be made to enter the mine, and then it was Harvey Neil who came forward, the first to go down. A solemn hush fell upon the crowd as they watched him step into the bucket, while the crude hoisting apparatus, hastily constructed, creakingly passed him out of sight. Everybody knew that if the air below had turned foul, as many held must be the case, another victim might be added to swell the horror of that day; and hardly a whisper broke the stillness until the signal came to bid them draw him back. Then, as he reappeared, a wild cheer broke from lips turned pale, and women sobbed for joy when he told that the air seemed good, which promised well for the men below; but he had found, some forty feet down, fallen timbers so wedged across the shaft that there must be more hard work before the full descent could be made.

The sun was setting when finally the way was clear. Again Neil laid his hand on the side of the bucket, although now there were others who would have gone; but there was that in his manner which gave him the place without discussion; and again the crowd, in awed expectancy, watched him out of sight.

He was gone much longer this time; and when at length he returned, the first look at his face told the staring eyes what it was that, covered by a



"I tell you I hate you, I shall always hate you."

coat, lay huddled in the bucket at his feet—the dreadful something that but a few short hours ago had been his enemy, Col. Randolph Meredith.

"Dead—every one," Neil whispered to those nearest, as he stepped out upon the ground, baring his head before the turned back to help the other hands that were reverently outstretched to lift to earth the burden he had brought.

Long before this Mrs. Morrison had persuaded Dorothy to go home with her, and Neil would permit no one to go there with the dreadful truth until teams had come to carry the dead down to camp. Then, with a slow step, lagging no less because of the painfulness of his errand than for the utter physical exhaustion following the frenzied toil and excitement of the day, he betook himself over the hill to the Mascot boarding-house.

Recalling with sharp sense of dread Dorothy's mood of the morning, he thought it better to let her receive the awful truth from Mrs. Morrison, who, however unsmooth in speech and manner, had yet a woman's heart to tell her how to soften the blow for the unhappy girl.

He sat down upon the steps outside when he had sent her with the message, his heart aching for his love while he waited to hear how she bore it; meaning by and by to beg a word with her, to learn if she would have him ride to Orodelphia that night to telegraph her friends, or what her wishes might be respecting her father.

A long time he patiently waited, after Mrs. Morrison had reported that the girl was crying "fit to break her heart"; refusing the good woman's urgency that he should come in to supper, although to please her he accepted the tea and toast she brought him at the door, feeling the better for the refreshment which he had been too much wrought up to think of needing.

It seemed to him hours before Mrs. Morrison, listening at the door, and hearing no sound, finally decided that Miss Meredith might now be calm enough to hear that he waited to see her; but it was with a frightened air that, after considerable delay, she came back.

Miss Meredith had begun taking on, crazy-like, at the very idea of seeing Mr. Neil, she reported, with evident reluctance,

pitifully the pain and mortification she could not but see upon his face. "She says as how you hated her father 'n' she mustn't never forget it. Of course she don't rightly sense what she's sayin', 'n' bein' you're a stranger to her 'n' all," the good woman soothingly and in all innocence argued, "nebber it's natchel shes should be prejudiced. Anyhow, she is; there's no blinkin' that, Mr. Neil; 'n' she's so sot, I don't believe there would be no manner of use your seein' her anyhow. I'll take her back to camp 'n' do for her 's much 's I can. She don't seem to sense that I belong to the Mascot; but you—why, it's onreasonable, of course, but what you goin' to do about it? I s'pose her pa's set her up to it, 'n' it's only jest natchel, her feelin' so. You can't blame her."

"No," said Neil, wearily, his face as dulled and set as those which had been brought up out of the mine that day, "I can't blame her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BISMARCK'S NARROW ESCAPE.

His Affair of Honor with a Dead Shot, Who Was Offended by His Stare.

In a little pamphlet regarding the state of the Wiesbadeners in Friedrichsruh there has appeared a Bismarck anecdote, which shows how near Germany once was to losing in his youth her great unifier. The same anecdote also illustrates how duels are still made in Germany.

Bismarck first visited Wiesbaden two or three years after taking his university degree. He went one evening to the big dance hall in the Kurhaus and, during a pause between dances, sat on a sofa talking with a friend and looking at the persons who walked by. He had a sharp eye and a defiant air, even in his best tempered moods, and several men returned his looks with ill-natured stares. Eventually a young doctor, Gustav Lange, of Heidelberg, walked up to the sofa and, fixing his eyes on Bismarck, inquired:

"Why do you stare at me?"  
Now Lange was a very handsome young man and Bismarck was in a happy mood. These two facts distated Bismarck's answer:

"Because I like your appearance."  
"But I do not like yours," was Lange's reply.

An animated dialogue followed, Bismarck at first seeking to appease Lange's wrath and Lange trying his best to make trouble. The upshot was that cards were exchanged in order that Lange might wipe out with blood the deadly affront of being stared at by Otto von Bismarck. The seconds arranged that the meeting should take place in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, not far from Biebrich.

Lange was a dead shot with the pistol, and pistols were the weapons to be used in the duel. The young physician could hit the two-mark piece, slipped in the air, nine times out of ten. It looked bad for Bismarck. His seconds undoubtedly felt that he was about the same as a dead man from the moment he stepped into the field, and they labored hard to find a peaceable solution of the quarrel. The English captain, whom Bismarck had made one of his seconds, was especially eager to prevent bloodshed, and he proposed to Lange, at the place of meeting, that the principals talk the quarrel over before risking their lives for such a trivial cause. Lange said eventually that he would do his best to settle the affair without a shot if his opponent would meet him half way. The Englishman hurried to Bismarck with the doctor's offer of the olive branch, but Bismarck would not have it. While the Englishman slowly paced off the distance, stretching his legs to make it as long as possible, the other second argued with Bismarck. Lange leaned against a tree and said nothing. Just as his seconds were expecting the principals to take their places Bismarck yielded. To the surprise of his seconds he did not wait for any preliminary conversation. He walked across the field, stretched out his hand, and remarked:

"Well, we will try to live in peace, then."

Lange shook hands and the quarrel was at an end. On his way home from the field Lange remarked to his seconds:

"It is better that it ended; it would have been too bad to blow daylight through him."

Almost 50 years later Lange celebrated in Heidelberg the jubilee anniversary of his graduation. After he and his friends had reviewed the stirring events of the last half century and the slow welding of divided Germany into one great empire under Bismarck's master hand, the doctor remarked, quaintly:

"It is better that it ended; it would have been too bad to blow daylight through him."—N. Y. Sun.

## Her Letter and His Answer.

"Would you be kind enough to return my photograph?" she wrote. "I gave it to you in a moment of girlish folly, and I have since had occasion to regret that I was so thoughtless in such matters." Of course she pictured that photograph framed and hung up in his room and was inclined to think that he would part with it with deep regret. Just why she wanted it returned is immaterial. Of course he had offended her in some way, but it is unnecessary to inquire how. The answer to her note came the following day. "I regret," it read, "that I am unable at this late date to pick out your photograph. However, I send you my entire collection, numbering a little over 600, and would request that you return all except your own by express at my expense."—Chicago Post.

## Society.

Little Chick—What do you let that ugly little thing come under your wing for?

Old Hen (who had inadvertently hatched a duck's egg)—I can't help it, my dear. We've got to put up with the creature because she belongs to our set, you know.—N. Y. Weekly.

**The Proper Authority.**  
Husband—I think, my dear, I must consult a physician.  
Wife—What for?  
"For some remedy for my dyspepsia. I have most horrid dreams at night."  
"Better consult a veterinary surgeon."  
"A horse doctor?"  
"Yes. A horse doctor should be the best authority on nightmare."—Tit-Bits.

**Two Terrible Animals.**  
We find it hard to keep the wolf away from our front door,  
But sometimes it's harder still  
To keep away the bore.  
—N. Y. World.

## NOT VERY MUSICAL.



Young Lady (to servant)—Anna, put the muzzle on Fido; I'm going to sing.—Fliegende Blaetter.

**Broke the Record.**  
Mrs. Suburbs—My dear, our new kitchen fire is a marvel. She has been here three weeks and hasn't broken a single thing.

Mr. Suburbs—Hasn't broken anything? I should say she had.  
Mrs. Suburbs—What do you mean?  
Mr. Suburbs—Did we ever have a girl before who stayed more than three days?—N. Y. World.

**His Occupation Gone.**  
Why does the undertaker frown?  
Why does he weep, why so cast down?  
Because to-day  
He put away  
The only doctor in the town.  
—N. Y. World.



The Jap as He Sees Himself.

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

The Jap as He Is.

**A Normal Woman.**  
Jinks—What a foolish question! Of course my wife objects to my smoking! Filkins—Why, how could I know?  
Jinks—You ought to be well enough acquainted with me to know that I would not have married an eccentric woman.—N. Y. Journal.

**Getting His Events.**  
She—What do you mean by circulating the report that I live a hand-to-mouth existence. How dare you?  
He—Well, that was the way it seemed to me. Whenever I call on you, you put in most of the time yawning.—Indianapolis Journal.

**Thoughtless Girl.**  
"Didn't Miss Sprocket's father die last month?"  
"Yes. What of it?"  
"Why, the unfeeling creature never has had the decency to have the frame of her bicycle painted black."—Chicago Post.

**A Fitting Head.**  
"What sort of a head shall I put on this story about the fellow who was tarred and feathered?" asked the new reporter.

"How will 'He was a bird' do?" suggested the court man.—Philadelphia North American.

**Mean Thing.**  
Miss Chatter—I knew you would be here to-day to see sister.  
Mr. Cuddler (interrog.)—Intuition?  
Miss Chatter—No—observation. You always appear on the same day that Ethel refuses onions at dinner.—Judge.

**A Word of Warning.**  
In buying diamonds, let's not haste,  
But watch lest dealers trick us.  
For oh, they have some made of paste  
With which they love to stick us.  
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

**Reads That Way.**  
"I didn't know that Deacon Good committed suicide."  
"He didn't. Who said so?"

"This obituary says that 'he walked fearlessly down into the dark river.'—Chicago Record.

**Not One of That Kind.**  
"No, Mr. Hankinson," said Tommy to the young man who was waiting in the parlor for Tommy's sister. "I ain't the kind of a little boy you're always readin' about in the papers what begs candy from the fellers that comes to see the'r sisters. Still, if you've got any in your pockets I'd be willin' to take it."—Chicago Tribune.

**Why?**  
Tenant—I demand a rebate on my rent. Your darned old water-pipe burst, flooded my cellar, and my chickens were drowned.  
Landlord—But, my dear sir, why didn't you keep ducks?—Philadelphia North American.

**A Sad Blow.**  
Mr. Bliffers—Beg pardon, Mr. Hammer, but can you tell me where my wife is seated? I can't find her.  
Mr. Hammer (auctioneer)—She has not been here to-day.  
Mr. Bliffers (wildly)—My! My! She must be dead.—N. Y. Weekly.

**Had Thought of That.**  
"Young man," said the elderly gentleman in a choking voice, "she is the only daughter I have."  
"Yes," acknowledged the young man, "that is one reason I thought I would like to marry her."—Indianapolis Journal.

**Perils of Society.**  
"Your daughter, madam, is suffering from general functional derangement."  
"There—I've told her often that attending all them functions 'd be the death of her."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Suspicious.**  
Governess—Why don't you eat your consomme, Bertie?  
Bertie—Cause I asked Harry what became of the cook papa discharged, and he said she was in the soup.—Puck.

**Sure Death.**  
She—His widow engaged the Oh Hush Quartette to sing at her husband's funeral.  
He—I suppose she wanted to avoid all possibility of his ever coming to life.—N. Y. Journal.

**Generally.**  
Old nature oft is contrary,  
Deal with her as you may;  
The man who talks the most is he  
That has the least to say.  
—Chicago News.

**Caught at Last.**  
She—I've been trying to catch that Mr. Huggins in an untruth, and I believe I've done it.  
He—Well, you ought to be happy; you've been trying to catch him for a good many years.—Yonkers Statesman.

**Mamma's Numerous Duties.**  
Little Dot—Mamma! Mamma! Mamma (in next room)—What?  
Little Dot—My kittle has caught a mouse, and she acts hungry. Please come and cook it for her.—N. Y. Weekly.

**NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.**  
Uncle Fatenough—Why don't Willie come and sit on uncle's knee?—N. Y. Journal.

**Offered in Evidence.**  
Judge (to plaintiff in divorce)—You say this woman induced you to marry her while you were intoxicated, do you?  
Plaintiff—Look at her, your honor, and judge for yourself.—Harlem Life.

**Evidence of Prosperity.**  
Dumley—Has Mrs. Soursweet been successful as a boarding-house keeper?  
Grumley—I should say so. She owns a prune orchard.—N. Y. World.

**In Chicago.**  
"I wish a pair of rubbers."  
"What displacement, miss?"—N. Y. Truth.

**Chicago Time Herald.**

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# THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.)

Published every Tuesday and Friday by  
WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner.  
BRUCE MILLER, Printer.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

**ADVERTISING RATES**  
Displays, one dollar per inch for first insertion; half rates each insertion thereafter. Locals, or reading notices, ten cents per line each insertion. Local in black type, twenty cents per line each insertion. Fractions of lines count as full lines when running at line rates. Obituaries, cards of thanks, calls on candidates, resolutions of respect and matter of a like nature, ten cents per line. Special rates given for large advertisements and yearly contracts.

## Public Speaking.

Hon. James R. Hindman, National Democratic candidate for Clerk of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, will speak at the court house Tuesday afternoon.

Hon. John W. Yerkes, of Danville, brother of Mayor W. L. Yerkes, will speak at the court house on Oct. 25.

Hon. W. M. Dickerson is announced to speak at the court house on the 30th. Judge H. C. Howard will speak at the court-house in this city, on Friday, Oct. 29, at seven o'clock p. m.

## Supplemental Registration.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, October 25th, 26th and 27th, are the days fixed by law for supplemental registration. At this registration only those who were necessarily absent from the city or were sick on regular registration day can register.

The citizens of Woodford, Scott and Jessamine will give a grand barbecue Saturday in Viley's woods, near Midway. Among the noted speakers expected to be present are Hon. John G. Carlisle, Hon. Josiah Patterson, Senator Wm. Lindsay, Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge and Judge Yost. Saxton's band will furnish music for the occasion.

For the consideration of \$500 Mr. Bryan has "consented" to speak at a county fair in Arkansas. Mr. Bryan is quite the rage as a county fair attraction. He will doubtless secure the silver nomination for President in 1900, but he will never be President. The people do not want a side-show attraction for a Chief Executive.

A SILVER Democrat at Lexington made a spectacle out of himself Wednesday night by interrupting Hon. Josiah Patterson's speech. Some people will never learn that the man who interrupts a speaker—be he preacher, political orator or a patent medicine fakir—always gets the worst of the argument.

W. J. BRYAN has offered a large sum of money to Ewing College, at Benton, Ill., to be known as the Mary Elizabeth Bryan fund, in compliment to his mother. The income is to be used annually during commencement week in cash prizes for the best essays on the science of government.

SAM SHACKLEFORD, the dumb silver candidate has spoken. He said: "Boys, I want you all to vote for me." This is better, anyhow, than a lot of silver bosh and Chicago platform ravings.

POOR old Kentucky, Ohio, Maryland, and New York have quarantined against Bryan, Bailey, Towne and other silver orators, and Kentucky has to stand 'em all—to say nothing of local talent.

HON. J. W. TOWNE, a free silver Republican from Duluth, has been imported to make silver speeches in Kentucky for the silver Democrats. Silver, silver, silver, is the issue.

NEW YORKERS are betting \$1,000 to \$700 on Van Wyck, the Tammany candidate for Mayor.

THE negroes have nominated candidates for county offices in Jessamine.

To the Voters of Bourbon County.

HAVING received the nomination in the Republican County Convention for County Clerk of Bourbon county, I take this method to ask the support of all my friends. I pledge myself to a conscientious and faithful discharge of official duties, if elected in November.

Respectfully,  
(tf) WM. M. GOODLOE.

THE cheapest place to buy lumber, shingles, etc., is at the old yard of Tarr & Templin, near the L. & N. freight depot. BOURBON LUMBER CO., (tf) By T. H. TARR, Manager.

Awarded  
Highest Honors—World's Fair,  
"DR."

**PRICE'S**  
CREAM  
BAKING  
POWDER  
MOST PERFECT MADE.  
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.  
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

## Democratic Public Speaking.

The following is a list of dates announced last night by the Democratic Campaign Committee, at which public speaking will be held:

Little Rock, Thursday, Oct. 21, at two p. m.: Speakers—Wm. M. Purnell, T. E. Ashbrook, Denis Dundon, Russell Mann, J. M. Thomas.

Clintonville, Friday, Oct. 22, at two p. m.—W. M. Purnell, T. E. Ashbrook, C. M. Thomas, Harmon Stitt.

North Middletown, Saturday, Oct. 23, at two p. m.—W. M. Purnell, T. E. Ashbrook, John S. Smith, E. M. Dickson, J. M. Thomas.

Hitchison, Wednesday, Oct. 27, at two p. m.—W. M. Purnell, T. E. Ashbrook, R. C. Talbot, T. E. Moore, Jr., Harmon Stitt.

Ruddles Mills, Thursday, Oct. 28th, at two p. m.—W. M. Purnell, T. E. Ashbrook, J. M. McVey, C. M. Thomas, S. B. Rogers.

Centerville, Friday, Oct. 29, at two p. m.—W. M. Purnell, T. E. Ashbrook, Decis Dundon, C. Arnsperger.

Millersburg, Saturday, Oct. 30, at two p. m.—W. M. Purnell, T. E. Ashbrook, C. M. Thomas, E. M. Dickson.

Paris, Nov. 1st, at two p. m.—W. M. Purnell, E. M. Dickson, T. E. Ashbrook, W. H. McMillan, James McClure, J. M. Thomas.

Paris, Monday, Nov. 1st, at 7:30 p. m.—C. M. Thomas, Russell Mann.

## [Communicated.]

The Mission of Democracy and the Democratic Party.

Civil government was established to protect both life and liberty.

Democracy is the friend of social order because it seeks to cure social evils. It is the enemy of anarchy and violence because it seeks wisely and prudently to eradicate the wrongs that lie at the root of popular discontent. It is not hostile to wealth, but it is hostile to plunder and it is jealous, as it should be, of inordinate power and of the growth of an oligarchy in a democratic republic.

There must be such a party in this country if it is to remain free. Representative Democracy is the foundation of our political philosophy—the voice of the people, the divinity of popular rights; and it has at all times the elements of all needed reform.

Our revolutionary fathers revolted and would not submit to be governed by a monarchy; and would not submit to unjust taxation even upon tea.

What is the situation to-day? We see this country ruled by trusts for the trusts and by the trusts and everything wrapped up in the coils of a trust. Statistics proved that this year cattle were several million short and the farmers confidently expected from five to five and a half cents for their fat cattle.

What was the result? It was not supply and demand. The powers met in Chicago presided over by Lord Armour and the dictum went forth that \$4.50 should be the highest price and the farmers were compelled to submit. They would have hammered wheat back to thirty cents per bushel had it not been due to a widespread failure of the crops abroad amounting to almost a famine in the large country of India. All the products of the earth can be cornered under a high protective tariff and a single gold standard. Restore bimetalism and a tariff for revenue only and the trusts cannot live.

The single gold standard has been the direct cause of the financial distress that has fallen upon our people since its adoption; and the highest gold standard authorities admit that it has been a period of almost unexampled depression and disturbance of trade and industry with falling prices for nearly all the products of human labor including land since demonetization in 1873.

If the people of this country cling to the gold standard they must accept the rule of the trusts which means increased wealth to the very wealthy and increased poverty and degradation for the toiling masses.

A recent article written by Thomas G. Sherman shows that 9,000 persons in this country are worth an aggregate of twenty-four billions of dollars and that 20,000 own more than half the wealth of the whole country while 75,000,000 are supposed to own the other half.

We believe in honest money, the gold and the silver money of the constitution, and the coinage of both metals without discrimination against either into standard dollars of final payment and redemption. It is the legal endowment that gives money its value and not the commercial price of the bullion.

The material in a hundred-dollar green back is worth probably the fourth of a cent and it is worth five twenty-dollar gold pieces the world over.

We believe in a tariff so adjusted as not to foster monopolies and breed trusts and to favor the few at the expense of the many and that would equalize differences and the general welfare of the American people.

We would then have a government of the people, for the people and by the people, and not a government of the trust for the trust and by the trust as represented by Mark Hanna, Phil Armour and Co. H. M.

"BLENDHEIM",  
Oct. 18th, 1897.

## L. & N. Reduced Rates.

LOUISVILLE Driving Fair Association, Oct. 18 to 28 L. & N. will sell round trip tickets at one fare, on 17 and 18th, limited 29th. Special rates for trains arriving at Louisville on morning of 22d. Also, 26th, limited 27th.

F. B. CARR, Agent.

Cow feed, for sale at  
HIBLER & Co.'s  
(28ap-3w) SPEARS & STUART.

COOL nights call for comforts and I have them—just the kind you want—some heavier than others—and at different prices. They are well made and worth the price.  
J. T. HINTON.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



**ROYAL**  
BAKING  
POWDER  
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

## Handsome Historical Lithograph.

Colored birds-eye view of Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge, Walden's Ridge, and portions of the Chickamauga field as seen from the summit of Lookout Mountain. Highest style of lithographer's art. On fine paper; plate, 10 x 24. Mailed for 10 cents in stamps. W. C. Rinearson, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Q. & C. Route Cincinnati, O.

THE Northwestern Mutual life has paid to representatives of its policy-holders and to its policy-holders, and is now holding for them, \$180,000,000, an excess over premium receipts of over \$20,000,000. (tf)

If you don't like the way we mix feed, we will fix it to suit you.  
J. H. HIBLER & Co.

Do You Play Whist, Euchre, Or Other Games?

THE F. F. V. playing card is better than any 50 cent card on the market. Send 15 cents for one deck or 25 cents for two decks (stamps or currency) to C. B. Ryan, Asst. Gen'l. Pass'r Agt., C. & O. Ry., Cincinnati, Ohio.

## MRS. LAURA WEISHAUF.

Of Murry, Ind., Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

Murry, Ind., Sept. 17, 1896.

THE WRIGHT MEDICAL CO., Columbus, Ohio.

DEAR SIR:—Last spring I purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from L. C. Davenport, druggist, Bluffton, S. C., and used them for stomach trouble with which I had been afflicted for more than 15 years. Since taking your capsules I have lost all trace of pain and my stomach is entirely well. I can eat anything and can truthfully say that I have not felt better in years.

Yours Respectfully,

MRS. LAURA WEISHAUF.

Sold by W. T. Brooks at 50c. and \$1.00 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, Ohio, for trial size, free.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipation, sick headaches. 25c at druggists.

## W. S. Anderson,

Of Peck, P. O., Pike Co., O., Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

Gents:—I have purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from James T. Blaser, druggist, Waverly, O., and used them for stomach trouble and constipation. I was unable to do anything for nearly two years; I used three boxes of your Celery Capsules and they have cured me. For the benefit of others so afflicted I wish to send this letter.

Very truly yours,  
W. S. ANDERSON.  
Sold by all druggists at 50c. and \$1.00 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, O., for trial size, free.

## To Cure A Cold In One Day.

TAKE Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. For sale by W. T. Brooks and James Kennedy, Paris, Ky.

**MOTHER!** There is no word so full of meaning and about which such tender and holy recollections cluster as that of "MOTHER"—she who watched over our helpless infancy and guided our first tottering step. Yet the life of every Expectant Mother is beset with danger and all effort should be made to avoid it.

**Mother's Friend** so assists nature in the change-taking place that the Expectant Mother is enabled to look forward without dread, suffering or gloomy forebodings, to the hour when she experiences the joy of Motherhood. Its use insures safety to the lives of both Mother and Child, and she is found stronger after than before confinement—in short, it "makes Childbirth natural and easy," as so many have said. Don't be persuaded to use anything but

**MOTHER'S FRIEND**

"My wife suffered more in ten minutes with either of her other two children than she did altogether with her last, having previously used four bottles of 'Mother's Friend.' It is a blessing to any one expecting to become a MOTHER," says a customer. HENDERSON DALE, Carmi, Illinois.

Of Druggists at \$1.00, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Write for book containing testimonials and valuable information for all Mothers, free. The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

## STOCK AND TURF NEWS.

Sales and Transfers of Stock, Crop, Etc. Turf Notes.

Corn sold at two dollars per barrel in Bourbon last week.

Horace Miller bought seventeen weanling mules last week from Nicholas parties.

Bourbon parties sold tobacco as follows last week in Cincinnati: J. W. Thomas, Jr., Paris, three hhds. at an average of \$11.50, and four at \$13.08. Carpenter & Jefferson, Millersburg, five hhds. at \$14.10, and A. C. Ball five at \$10.35.

Sparks from a locomotive started fires yesterday which burned 500 acres of grass and burned or killed 200 fine forest trees for J. C. Caldwell, near Danville. Fires are also raging in the knots south of Danville and if the drouth continues great damage will be done to property.

CASH buyers can get double value today, at  
(tf) DAVIS, THOMSON & ISGRIG.

## Chronic Dyspepsia Cured.



AFTER suffering for nearly thirty years from dyspepsia, Mrs. H. E. Dugdale, wife of a prominent business man of Warsaw, N. Y., writes: "For 23 years, I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and a weak stomach. The lightest food produced distress, causing severe pain and the formation of gas. No matter how careful of my diet I suffered agonizing pain after eating. I was treated by many physicians and tried numerous remedies without permanent help. Two years ago I began taking Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills and Nerve. Within a week I commenced improving, and persisting in the treatment I was soon able to eat what I liked, with no evil effects. I keep them at hand and a single dose dispels all old symptoms."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address, DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

## Your Life Insured—In a Day.

OUR insurance is protected by bankable paper on the Capital City Bank of Columbus, O. There can be no stronger guarantee given you. We dare not use a bank's name without authority. If you doubt it, write them. Good health is the best life insurance. Wright's Celery Capsules gives you good health, they cure Liver, Kidney and Stomach trouble, Rheumatism, Constipation and Sick Headaches. 100 days' treatment costs 1c a day. A sight draft on above bank, in every \$1 box, which brings your money back if we fail to cure you. Sold by W. T. Brooks, druggist.

## GEO. W. DAVIS

DEALER IN  
Furniture, Window Shades, Oil  
Cloths, Carpets, Mattresses,  
Etc.

Special attention given to Undertaking and Repairing.  
MAIN STREET, - - - PARIS, KY.

## J. P. KIELY,

617 Main st., Paris, Ky.

AGENTS FOR  
**W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES**  
BEST IN THE WORLD.

## PATENTS U.S. AND FOREIGN PROCURED.

EUGENE W. JOHNSON,  
SOLICITOR AND ATTORNEY IN PATENT CAUSES.

1729 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.  
Office established 1868. Charges moderate.  
Correspondence Requested.  
(2mar-1jan98)

## Mules For Sale.

Twenty-four cotton mules 14½ to 15½ fat and plump.  
BENNETT TARR.

Also, 30 sugar mules, from 15 to 16 hands high.  
WM. TARR.

## ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE

All persons having claims against the assigned estate of Chas. R. Turner are requested to present them to me at my office in Paris, Ky., properly proven as required by law. Those knowing themselves indebted to the estate are requested to settle promptly and save costs of suit.

HARMON STITT,  
Assignee.  
(29je)

## ARE YOU WILLING?



Cleaning and Pressing a Specialty.

## LAVIN & HUKILL.

## Yesterday's Temperature.

The following is the temperature as noted yesterday by A. J. Winters & Co., of this city:

7 a. m.	50
8 a. m.	54½
9 p. m.	58
10 a. m.	61
11 a. m.	64½
12 m.	67½
2 p. m.	76
3 p. m.	78
4 p. m.	75
5 p. m.	71½
7 p. m.	66

MEN who like a cool, quick, quiet and easy shave should patronize Crawford Bros.' barber shop. Clean, first-class bath rooms are connected with the shop. Satisfactory service at all times. (tf)

## L. & N. Rates To Nashville.

Tenn. Centennial and International Exposition, Nashville, Tenn., May 1st to Oct. 31st, '97. L. & N. will sell tickets at following rates for the round trip: April 28 to Oct. 15th, final limit Nov. 7, \$12.60. April 29 to Oct. 30, final limit 15 days, from date of sale, \$9.25. April 27 to Oct. 30, final limit 7 days including date of sale, \$7.60.

F. B. CARR, Agt.

Wright's Celery Capsules cure constipation, sick headaches, etc.

## Nashville Exposition.

Buy your ticket to Nashville via Cincinnati and Queen & Crescent route to Chattanooga. Visit the historic city and the great battlefields of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain; spend a day at the Chickamauga National Military Park; then, refreshed and ready for new conquests, continue the journey. Low rates to the great Exposition in effect via this pleasant route.

The Queen & Crescent train service is perfect, the schedules fast, the scenery unsurpassed anywhere.

If you want the journey to be a pleasant one, see that your tickets read via Cincinnati and Queen & Crescent.

W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

## Poor Grade Shoes

Are poor in every respect—money wasters. Our new stock of School Shoes cannot be made better and are money savers. Try us and see.

RION & CLAY

## New Laundry Agency.

I HAVE secured the agency for the Winchester Power Laundry—a first-class institution—and solicit a share of the public patronage. Work or orders left at Clarke & Clay's drug-store will receive immediate attention. Work called for and delivered promptly. Respectfully,  
(16ap-tf) BRUCE HOLLADAY.

D. CABLE, photographer, over Varden's drug store, makes fine photos at reduced prices. Kodak work quickly done—satisfaction guaranteed. (tf)

SHERMAN STIVERS has taken the agency for the Cincinnati Daily Times-Star, a most excellent paper, and will have it delivered to subscribers in any part of the city for six cents per week. He solicits your subscription. (tf)

## M. H. DAILEY, DENTIST.

602 MAIN ST. - - - PARIS, KY.  
[Over Deposit Bank.]

Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 6 p. m.

## Money To Loan.

I have from One Thousand to Fifteen Hundred Dollars to loan on first mortgage at eight per cent per annum.

HARMON STITT.



Do you need anything in bedding?  
Do you see that house?  
That is the place to get anything in that line.

Blankets, comforts, Pillows, Mattresses and incidentally the best line of Springs ever shown in Paris. Prices on Comforts from 75 cents to \$12.00. Blankets—65 cents to \$9. per pair.

Do not buy until you see my line.

## J. T. HINTON.

Wood Mantels, Tiling, Etc. Furniture of all kinds. Carpets as low as the lowest. Undertaking in all its branches. Embalming scientifically attended to.



## THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.)

(Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second-class mail matter.)

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

[Payable in Advance.]  
 One year.....\$2.00 Six months.....\$1.00  
 NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A REPORT FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

## NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

I, or one of my deputies will be at the places named below at the hours specified, to collect taxes for the year 1897:

Ruddles Mills, Oct. 21, from 9 to 12 a. m.  
 Centerville, Oct. 21, at 2 p. m.  
 Hutchison, Oct. 22, at 2 p. m.  
 Little Rock, Oct. 22, from 9 to 12 a. m.  
 North Middletown, receipts at bank.  
 Clintonville, Oct. 25, from 9 to 12 a. m.  
 Millersburg, Oct. 25, at 2 o'clock p. m.

E. T. BEEDING.

Sheriff Bourbon County, Ky.

REV. DR. VARDEN, of this city, preached Sunday at the Broadway Christian Church in Lexington.

MRS. FOSTER, who has been conducting a boarding house in the Griffith property, has moved to Lexington.

BULBS.—Chinese Lillies, Hyacinths and Tulips; also choice cut Roses.  
 W. M. GOODLOE.

LOST.—Black and white fox terrier, with black across hips. Reward for information, or return to Frank Bowden, Paris, Ky.

REV. NORMAN B. WOOD will give his illustrated lecture, "The Real Negro, as a Bondman, a Freedman and a Freeman," at Antioch Church, Saturday evening at 7:30.

F. FUGAZZI, the up-to-date confectioner and caterer, yesterday received a fine line of Lowney's famous chocolate bonbons—in all size packages. They are exceedingly dainty and toothsome. Try a box.

ONE night last week thieves stole a 200-lb. hog from Mr. Wm. Tarr, and skinned it and left its hide on Mr. Tarr's farm. Last year they stole two hogs from him and left the hog skins as evidence of their visit.

THE public cistern on the court house square, which has furnished water to several hundred people, is dry. The water has not been pure for some time and it is probably a fortunate thing that the cistern has been pumped dry.

JOHNSON LAMB, colored, charged with attempting to rape Lilly Turney, a fourteen year-old colored girl, of Millersburg, had his examining trial Saturday in Squire Lileston's court. Lamb was held in \$300 bond for trial by the Circuit Court.

ON account of the Kentucky Midland Medical Association meeting at Cynthiana Thursday, the F. & C. (Kentucky Midland) No. 1 will run forty minutes ahead of time from Georgetown to Paris to make connection with L. & N.

How long have you been coughing—a day, a week, a month or a year? Dr. Belle's Pine Tar Honey will cure that cough. There can be no doubt of it, because it has cured many others equally severe. Every one should investigate the merits of this great remedy.

NOAH WILLIAMS, who has served a term in the penitentiary for obtaining goods under false pretenses, being sent up from Bourbon, has been arrested at Cynthiana for highway robbery. He drew a knife on Simon Freidrich, held him up and relieved him of fifteen cents. Freidrich had the balance of his money concealed in his shoes.

FRANK SNYDER, of Louisville, well known in Paris, being the husband of Miss Lula Martin, has resigned as Secretary of the Kentucky and Tennessee Board of Underwriters at a salary of \$3,000 per year, and has been appointed special agent for the Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Company for Kentucky, Tennessee and Arkansas, with headquarters at Louisville. The position is a promotion for Mr. Snyder.

Bourbon Club Meeting.

The members of the Bourbon Dancing Club are requested to meet to-night at 7:30 at the Windsor Hotel.  
 L. SPEARS, Pres.

Dr. Catlett Wins Again.

TURNER BROS.' good three-year-old colt Dr. Catlett won the Belle Meade Stakes Saturday at Morris Park, near New York. The race was worth \$1,200 to the winner.

## Great Musical Festival At Lexington.

One of the finest concerts ever heard in Kentucky will be that given by the famous orchestra leader, Anton Seidl, (who has just returned from a most successful season in London and on the European continent) at the Lexington Opera House on Tuesday evening October 26th. Mr. Seidl is the premier director of Grand Opera and Grand Orchestral concerts in this country to-day. Every member of his grand orchestra is a musician of international reputation and several of them have been members of Royal Court Orchestras in Europe. Mr. Seidl's Orchestra is accompanied by Mme. Julia Rive King, soloist. Manager Scott has arranged for special trains at greatly reduced rates for this occasion. All orders by mail or telegram for seats addressed to Manager Scott at Lexington, or Mr. Geo. D. Mitchell at Paris will receive prompt attention.

## Gun Club Tournament.

GEORGE WILLIAMS CLAY, of this city, attended the Kentucky Gun Club tournament at Louisville Friday and Saturday, and did some excellent shooting Friday he tied three contestants—Jake Gay, Roger Smith and W. A. Fawcett—in a match at fifteen live birds, each making a perfect score. The purse of \$65, was divided. Saturday Mr. Clay killed 21 out of 25 birds in the contest for the State Championship, which was won by Sam Hutchings, of Louisville, who killed 25 birds. The prize was \$210 and a silver cup. Bland Ballard, Louisville, Nath Woodcock, Danville, and A. W. DuBray, of Dayton, O., tied Hutchings, but lost in shooting off the tie. Hutchings killed forty birds straight to win the championship.

## Will McNamara's New Enterprise.

WILL McNAMARA (Prof. John Douglass), of this city, who was several times buried alive by Boone, the hypnotist, and who afterwards performed the feat successfully with another hypnotized subject, has organized a new enterprise known as "The Gypsy Maids." The company, which will be headed by "Rosella, the Wandering Gypsy Queen," will give theatrical performances. The company will be managed by Prof. Douglass, and backed financially by a Cincinnati man. The Pettibone Co., of Cincinnati, is making the costumes. The company will start soon for Seattle, and will go from there to Alaska. Prof. Douglass will act as correspondent for the Cincinnati Post while in Alaska.

## For Woman's Eyes.

THE woman's edition of the Mt. Sterling Advocate, which appears Friday, will be an excellent paper, filled with excellent articles on a variety of subjects. This edition should prove interesting to the large number of Paris ladies who are members of literary clubs as it will give them the best work of their Mt. Sterling friends. The papers will be on sale at Varden's drug store.

## Public Speaking To-day.

HON. J. R. HINDMAN, National Democratic candidate for Clerk of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, will address the citizens of Bourbon county at the court house this afternoon at two o'clock. Mr. Hindman is a gifted gentleman and one of Kentucky's best citizens. He should be greeted by a large audience.

## Attendance at Paris High School.

PROF. E. W. WEAVER has furnished THE NEWS with the following comparative statement of the attendance at the Paris High School (white). It will be noticed that there is a large increase in both the enrollment and average attendance.

Sep. '94	Sp. '95	Sp. '96	Sp. '97
No. enrolled.....	292	323	399
Ave. attending.....	292	316	395
Ave. attendance.....	250	288	365

## Successful Excursions.

THE Cynthiana Military Band's excursion to Natural Bridge Friday was a great success. The train was composed of eight packed coaches.

The excursion run Saturday by the Carlisle Christian Church to Natural Bridge and Torrent had eleven well filled coaches.

## Card From Dr. Creason.

I have decided to continue the practice of medicine in Centerville precinct. Those who favor me with their patronage will receive the very best of my ability and attention as a physician.

Respectfully,  
 J. A. CREASON, M. D.

LOST.—On yesterday, a feather collar between the residence of Mrs. E. V. Rogers and the cemetery. Finder will please return same to THE NEWS office and receive reward.

(2t)

FOR RENT.—Desirable brick cottage, five rooms, good cellar and other improvements—on South Main street. For particulars apply to

(tf) J. T. HINTON.

THE Northwestern is carrying nearly \$1,000,000 insurance on the lives of Bourbon County's representative citizens. Call on R. P. Dow, Jr., or W. S. DeLong, for particulars.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY THE NEWS MAN.

Notes Hastily Jotted On The Streets, At The Depots, In The Hotel Lobbies And Elsewhere.

—Mr. John N. Davis was in Cincinnati, Sunday.

—Capt. J. R. Rogers is in Louisville on a business trip.

—Miss Nannie Roberts is visiting friends in Cynthiana.

—Mrs. Mattie McCauley is visiting relatives in Lexington.

—Mr. John Feeney spent Sunday with relatives in Richmond.

—Miss Carrie Butler is visiting the Misses Bain, in Lexington.

—Mrs. Lee Price and son visited relatives in Louisville last week.

—Mr. Harold Johnson, of Mt. Sterling, is visiting friends in the city.

—Mr. Joe Brooks and Dr. Addams, of Cynthiana, spent Sunday in the city.

—Mrs. W. W. Massie is spending a few days with friends in Covington.

—Miss Grace Swearingen is spending a few days with friends in Lexington.

—Miss Tommie Hornsey, of Lexington, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ernest Frazier.

—Mr. Will Blakemore returned yesterday to Chicago after a visit to friends in Paris.

—Council Wilson and Miss Ida May Frazier, of Lexington, visited friends in the city Sunday.

—Mrs. Lillie Gentry Lee, of Palmyra, Mo., is the handsome guest of Mrs. John James, on Main Street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Calvert and daughter, of Covington, are visiting relatives in and near the city.

—Miss Margaret Prewitt, of Lexington, is visiting her sister, Miss Mary Prewitt, at Mr. J. W. Harmon's.

—Miss Mary Talbott spent Saturday in Lexington with her sister, Miss Anna Lee Talbott, who is attending Hamilton College.

—Miss June Jameson left yesterday for Terre Haute, Ind., to attend college. She will board with her sister, Mrs. Palmer Graham.

—Mr. S. E. Tipton and daughters, Miss Tipton and Mrs. D. C. Parrish, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Tipton, in Lexington, Saturday and Sunday.

—Mrs. Ernest Richey, of New Paris, O., who was formerly Miss Bessie Breeden, of this city, arrived here Saturday for a visit to friends and relatives.

—Mr. James Withers, of Cynthiana, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Davis Sunday. Mr. Withers' health is much benefited from a recent stay at Mt. Clemens, Mich.

—The hundreds of friends of genial Henry Saxton, of Lexington, will regret to hear that his wife is dangerously ill in Lexington, but trust that her improvement and recovery will be rapid.

—The Danville Advocate says: Miss Hazelrigg, of Frankfort, Miss Margaret Woodford, of Mt. Sterling, and Miss Elizabeth Spears and Miss Bessie Woodford, of Paris, will arrive Friday to visit Miss Elizabeth Van Meter.

—Miss Lottie Lee Kenney, of Russell Cave, Miss Sadie Kenney, of Kansas City, and Miss Mary Kerr, of Fayette, are guests at Mr. Matthew Kenney's, near Paris. Miss Mary Prewitt, of Lexington, is expected to join the party in a few days.

## OBITUARY.

Respectfully Dedicated To The Memory Of The Dead.

Col. John L. Lozan, a noted rationalist, of Nicholasville, died last week from liver trouble and the excessive use of cigarettes.

Mr. Charles A. Dana, the famous editor of the New York Sun, died Sunday afternoon at his country place, near Glen Cove, L. I., of cirrhosis of the liver. Mr. Dana has been ill since June 10 last. He was seventy-eight years of age. See picture and dispatch on second page.

Patrick Winn, aged about eighty, who has been living on Mr. Catesby Woodford's farm, died Saturday night. He is survived by a wife and several grown children. His funeral was conducted yesterday morning at eight o'clock at the Catholic Church by Rev. Edward Burke. Burial at the Catholic cemetery.

James Wornall aged sixty-six died of fever at Lair Sunday. Mr. Wornall was an ex-Bourbon and leaves a wife nee Sophia Edwards, sister of Mrs. Belle Hutchison and the late Ossian Edwards.

Funeral this afternoon at two o'clock at Cynthiana. The active pall-bearers are Ossian Edwards, T. J. Wornall, T. J. Megibben, T. S. Riley, Frank Chandler, J. T. Lail, Wm. Ballenger, Dr. J. T. Ware.

Don't you let your grocer give you any but roller-mill meal.  
 HIBLER & Co.

We sell all kinds of lumber and shingles, posts, etc., cheaper than anyone.  
 BOURBON LUMBER CO.,  
 (tf) By T. H. TARR, Manager.

## NUPTIAL KNOTS.

Engagements, Announcements And Solemnizations Of The Marriage Vows.

Marriage seems to be a failure at Paducah. There 125 divorce suits on the docket there.

The marriage of Mr. John Lair, of Lair, and Miss Meek Moore, a pretty young lady of Cynthiana, will occur early in November.

Coleman Gentry, of Lexington, and Miss Letitia Lucas, of Newtown, will be married Thursday afternoon at two o'clock at the Newtown Christian Church.

The marriage of Miss Ellen Hart Talbott and Mr. Wm. W. Atwill, of Kansas City, will occur in that city on the 27th. Miss Talbott is a Kentucky girl, being a daughter of Mr. Dudley Talbott, formerly of this city, and a niece of Messrs. Hart and W. G. Talbott, of this city. Mr. Atwill is a son of Bishop Edwin Atwill, of Kansas City.

HAVE you tried our roller-mill meal It is the best ever in this market.

HIBLER &amp; Co.

## BIRTHS.

The Advent Of Our Future Men And Women.

The Prince of Wales acted as sponsor for the Marlborough-Vanderbilt baby in London last week.

Near Paris Saturday to the wife of James Thompson, nee Miss Tillie Ferguson, a son—James William Ferguson Thompson.

## SCINTILLATIONS.

An Interesting Jumble Of News And Comment.

Principal Bell has forbidden football at the Harrodsburg High School.

Gov. Bradley has refused to pardon ex-Bank Cashier Shipp, at Midway.

Water was sold for fifty cents per barrel in Franklin county this month.

Mrs. A. G. Browning, of Maysville, is one of the heirs of an estate valued at \$4,000,000.

A well dressed white infant was abandoned at a negro home in Richmond Saturday.

Thieves stole \$3,000 from the bank at Morganfield while the president and cashier were at dinner.

A nifty thief at Georgetown sold some stolen chickens to their former owner, who had not missed them.

A match race between John R. Gentry and Robert J. has been arranged to take place at Cumberland Park on October 27.

Howard Crockett, of Wilmore, was fatally shot by his own pistol. The shooting is said to have been accidental.

Mrs. Jeff Coffee, of Madison, eloped to Indian Territory with her cousin, Wm. Johnson, leaving a husband and three daughters nearly grown.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee was robbed of \$190 by pickpockets in Richmond Saturday night while helping some ladies on a street car at a Wild West show.

Ex-Cashier Shipp, of Midway, was taken to the Frankfort penitentiary Saturday. He is said to have aged rapidly since his conviction, and is in a feeble condition.

In Georgia Sunday Sam Jones celebrated his fiftieth birthday with a big dinner which was attended by fifty guests. Sam is now old enough to know how to preach without being vulgar.

County Judge Bullock, of Lexington, was arrested Saturday and held to answer on charges of assault with a pistol and carrying concealed weapons. Yesterday Judge Bullock was fined \$25 and costs on each charge, but both sentences were suspended.

In Germany recently a young fellow attempted to make a kissing record by kissing his sweetheart 10,000 times in ten hours, stopping a few minutes every half hour. The young man scored 2,000 kisses in the first hour and 1,000 in the second. He had reached 750 in the third hour when his lips were paralyzed, and he became unconscious.

OUR stock of lumber is dry and bright.  
 BOURBON LUMBER CO.,  
 By T. H. TARR, Manager.

TIN cans, glass and stone jars. Pure spices and cider vinegar for pickling—guaranteed pure.

NEWTON MITCHELL.

Insure in the Northwestern today—to-morrow may be too late.



CHOCOLATE  
 BON BONS.  
 For Sale By  
 F. FUGAZZI.

## PUT OUR NAME

On your list when in need of Footwear. Our new stock of Shoes is arriving daily, which comprises all the new shapes and tips—better values than we have ever been able to offer before.

Our Children's School Shoes have been selected with much care, insuring both durability and comfort.

Ask for school-tablets free for the little ones when making your purchases.

Davis, Thomson &amp; Isgrig.

## DRESS GOODS.

My importations for this Fall and Winter of Ladies' and Children's Dress Goods exceed in cost of investment \$10,000 any other purchase I ever made in this one line of goods. With forty years' experience in Dry Goods business in Paris I saw it was to your and my interest to secure these goods under the low tariff, consequently I invested every available dollar I had in goods at low prices. The new Dingley tariff bill has already made and will when set fully at work make all classes of Dry Goods fully double in price what they were under the Wilson or low tariff. I have the advantage of this: My goods were bought when cheap, and it is my intention to hold them down as long as a yard of them lasts. If you want to save money in your purchase this Fall and Winter come and see me and examine my stock and hear prices before you invest elsewhere.

## G. TUCKER.

529 MAIN ST., PARIS, KY.

## WE ARE ALWAYS AT IT.

Adding new lines, cutting old prices, with a store full of new Fall Goods to show you.

Large line of new Dress goods, strictly wool, 25c a yard.

Novelties in Plain and Fancy Dress goods, at 50c; sold everywhere else for 75c to \$1 per yard.

Handsome line of Silks, Velvets and Braids of all descriptions for trimmings.

Percales, Piques and Fancy Outing Cloths, 5c, 7c and 10c.

Table Linens and Towels, at old prices, notwithstanding tariff advance of 20 per cent.

Notions of all kinds, and in Dress linings, we will save you 25c on the dollar.

Fall Underwear (for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children) of every description, at half the usual price.

Blankets, \$1 kind for 49c, and all-wool at \$2.50 per pair. Splendid line of Bed Comforts.

Full line of Hosiery—one great special being our Ladies' and Children's full seamless, at 10c.

We are the only store in town that carries full line of Cephros, Ice Wool and fancy yarns.

We still sell 10-4 Pepper sheeting at 18c, and extra good bleached and unbleached cotton at 5c.

Family Portraits, life size, Free of charge.

## CONDON'S.

1897 NEW HOOSIER WHEAT DRILLS.

Both Shoe and Disk.

Oldest and Most Reliable Built. See them.

For Sale by O. EDWARDS.

Just received: Car of the Celebrated

STEELE SKEIN BIRDSELL WAGONS

Call and examine before you buy.

## O. EDWARDS,

Paris, Ky.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING!

WE HAVE RECEIVED A SPLENDID STOCK OF

IMPORTED SUITINGS AND TROUSERINGS

FOR FALL AND WINTER.

Our Prices are lower than any house in Central Kentucky, when quality and style are considered. We ask you to give us a call.

F. P. LOWRY &amp; CO.,

FINE MERCHANT TAILORS.

S. E. TIPTON, Cutter.

We are also agents for the celebrated Chas. E. Smith Shirt. Full line of samples.

DON'T TRUST EVERY LAUNDRY.

DRY SIGN YOU SEE

while traveling down street.

Consult your friends first whom

you see wearing unfrayed, beauti-

fully laundered linen, and you will

find when you come to inquire

whose laundry they patronize that

it was



The Bourbon Steam Laundry,

W. M. HINTON, JR., &amp; BRO., Proprietors.

Telephone No. 4.



# THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.)  
Published Every Tuesday and Friday by  
WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner.  
BUCKLE MILLER, Editor and Owner.

## THE DOME OF PICTURES.

In a little house keep I pictures suspended;  
It is not a fixed home,  
It is round, it is only a few inches from one  
side to the other;  
Yet behold, it has room for all the shows of  
the world, all the memories!  
Here the tableaux of life and here the  
groupings of death.

—WALT WHITMAN.

Ah, each man bears his Dome of Dreams—  
A picture dome  
Whereon are painted homely cares,  
Defeats and triumphs and despair;  
A gallery thronged with wider themes  
Than those of Rome.

The pictures of this Dome of Dreams  
Are memories.  
Young Barefoot wandering through the  
dew,  
Through daisied fields when life was new,  
By woodland paths, by lilted streams  
And blossomed trees.

The picture of a maid at school  
With floating hair;  
Transfigured in the mist is she  
On that dim shore of memory,  
Life's dewiness about her, cool  
And pure and fair.

The picture of a road that leads  
From an old home;  
A boy that from a wooded swell  
Looks through his tears and waves fare-  
well—  
Then down through unknown hills and  
meads  
Afar to roam.

The picture of the long, long way  
He traveled far;  
Fair fruited hillside slanting south,  
Baked herbelts upland smit with drought,  
And light paths with no gleam of day—  
Without a star.

And pictures of wide-sleeping vales  
And storm-tossed waves;  
Of valleys bathed in noonday peace,  
Of sheltered harbors of release,  
Blue inlets speckled with sunlit sails;  
Of open graves.

And pictures of fair islands set  
In golden foam;  
And pictures of black wrecks upcast  
On barren crags by many a blast—  
But not! Life paints more pictures yet  
Upon that dome.

—Sam Walter Foss, in N. Y. Sun.

## PERILS OF AUTHORSHIP.

MILDRED'S pretty face wore a new  
expression as she toyed with her  
teaspoon and tried to finish her roll  
and coffee. John had just left for his  
office. They had been married three  
months, and the serious aspects of life  
were for the first time presenting them-  
selves.

"I wish I could do something to help  
John," thought Mildred, as she gazed  
abstractedly out of the window. "He  
has to work so hard," and she gave a lit-  
tle sigh.

"What can I do?" she pondered.  
"What can I do?" she asked herself  
again and again, as with deft touch she  
straightened and arranged the dainty  
apartment.

Suddenly her face looked as if a door  
had opened and flooded it with sunlight.

"I know what I will do; I will write  
a story. I know I can if I try. People  
do not have to be so awfully clever to  
do that. It is a knack, not a talent.  
There is Mrs. —, who has made  
heaps of money; and her stories are only  
poor trash—all of them. John says so."

Before another hour had passed the  
outline of a plot was dancing in her  
excited young brain, and as soon as  
she could get the time she sat down  
with pad and sharpened pencil. Then  
came a pause. "How shall I begin?"

She drew little geometric figures on  
the margin of her paper as she reflected,  
her thoughts seeming to revolve in a  
circle, returning ever to the place from  
whence they started. Finally she wrote:

"In a small village on the banks of a—"  
"Oh, that is so commonplace. No;  
that will not do." And she tore off the  
first sheet of her pad and reflected  
again, then wrote:

"Frank Atwood was the only son of a—"  
"No, no; that is too stupid," and the  
second sheet of the pad went into the  
waste-paper basket.

She recalled what John had said of  
the superfluous first three pages, which  
might with benefit to most stories be  
eliminated—for John was a journalist  
and literary critic, and his standards  
and ideals were just on the measure of  
her own. So she thought with great  
deference of what he had said about  
tedious preliminaries.

"He is right," she said, with decision.  
"It is the personal interest in the char-  
acters which we are looking for in read-  
ing a story. All that comes before that  
is tedious superfluity."

"I will dash right on with a letter  
from the heroine, which will at once  
explain the situation." So with the con-  
fidence which came from feeling herself  
at last on the right track, she wrote:

"Dear Frank—I return herewith the let-  
ters, which of course I have now no right  
to keep. I need not tell you what it cost me."  
"I have reflected much upon what you  
said yesterday, but I am at last resolved.  
I will not see you again. Any attempt to  
make me break this resolve will be fruit-  
less. God knows you have only yourself  
to blame that this marriage has—"

"Please, ma'am," said the cook, com-  
ing suddenly in upon the young author-  
ess. "Please, ma'am, the butcher is  
here. Will you come and see him and  
give the order yourself about havin'  
them chops frenched or whatever it is."

"Oh, what a bore!" sighed Mildred.  
"I was just getting into the swing of  
it." And she left the manuscript upon  
her desk to be resumed later.

The matter of the chops disposed of,  
there were other things requiring at-  
tention.

At last, however, she was at her desk  
again. She read over the letter with  
which her story opened to see how it  
sounded. "Really," said she, "I think

that starts off very well," and then she  
took up the broken thread. "Only your-  
self to blame that this marriage has—"  
A violent ringing at the telephone again  
broke the current. "Hallo," said our  
young novelist.

"Mildred, is that you?"  
"Yes, is it you, Alice?"  
"Yes. Mamma does not feel very well  
and wishes you to take luncheon with  
us. She has sent the carriage. Be  
ready to come as soon as it arrives." Ob-  
viously no more authorship to-day. So  
slipping her paper into the desk she  
departed.

The new purpose of authorship  
brought a great light and hope into  
Mildred's life. She pictured to herself  
his reading her story, possibly review-  
ing it. "After he has written all kinds  
of nice things about it I will tell him  
that I am the author; or—and her  
heart turned cold and sick—what if he  
should say it was trash? For, of course,  
like other good critics, John was sel-  
dom pleased. If things were all excel-  
lent, what would be the need of critics?  
So he had cultivated the art of discover-  
ing flaws in what seemed to ordinary  
readers pure gems. He had developed  
rather a talent for pillorying people in  
a single terse phrase, and was much  
valued for his skill in beating down  
with the editorial club tender young  
aspirants who were trying to make  
themselves heard. This sounds brutal.  
But he was only professionally brutal. In  
his personal characteristics none  
could be more tender or sympathetic.

Mildred knew of this caustic vein and  
believed it too—as she did also all of  
John's attributes and gifts—but, she  
thought, "if he should say any of those  
dreadful things about me, what should  
I do? I should never—never—tell him."  
And so during the entire day she  
thought and planned, new intricacies  
of plot suggesting themselves—vivid  
and interesting scenes coming before  
her stimulated imagination.

Her mother urged her remaining and  
sending for her husband to dine with  
them. Her secret desire was to return,  
but she looked at her mother's wistful  
face and had not the heart to refuse.  
She would stay and send for John.

That gentleman arrived at home at  
the usual hour. As he put his latch-  
key into the door he smiled, thinking  
of the quick car which was listening for  
it, and of the pretty apparition which  
would meet him in the hall. "By Jove,"  
he thought, "what a lucky fellow I am!"

But the expected figure did not come  
to meet him. He was conscious of a  
little chill of disappointment, and still  
more as he wandered through the rooms  
and found all silent and deserted.

He rang for the maid.

"Where is your mistress?"

"She is out, sir. There's a note, sir,  
somewhere," and she looked anxiously  
about. "Oh, it is on her desk," said she  
with returning memory, starting to go  
for it.

"No matter, I will get it," and John  
turned his impatient steps toward his  
wife's room. There was no note on the  
desk, and quite naturally he opened the  
lid. His eyes were riveted upon the  
words before him:

"Dear Frank—I return herewith the let-  
ters which I have no longer any right  
to keep. I need not tell you what it  
costs me—"

He felt as if his blood were turned  
into ice.

"I have reflected much upon what  
you said yesterday—"

"Yesterday!"—John felt as if he were  
going mad. "Yesterday!"—and he had  
so trusted her! The room had grown  
black, and a great sledge hammer was  
beating at his brain, but he read on—

"upon what you said yesterday, but I  
am at last resolved. I will not see you  
again. Any attempt to make me break  
this resolve will be fruitless. God  
knows you have only yourself to blame  
that this marriage has—"

John stood for a few moments as if  
turned into stone, his face blanched,  
his muscles tense. Then a ray of hope  
seemed to come to him. "There is no  
signature; it is not hers." He looked  
again. How could he doubt it! He  
knew too well the turn of every letter.  
He was alternately livid with rage and  
choking with grief. His dream of happi-  
ness vanished. Something like a curse  
came from between his closed teeth.

"She loves this man, and she meets  
him and tells him so, and only yester-  
day. Oh, it is too horrible! too hor-  
rible!" He buried his face in his hands  
and groaned. "I shall go away; I shall  
never—"

At that moment the tele-  
phone bell rang. He took no notice of  
it. "I shall never—"

Again it rang long  
and loud. What should he do? There  
was no one else to answer it; he must  
go. So he said huskily: "Hello!"

Mildred's silvery voice replied:  
"John, is that you?"

The situation was shocking. How  
could he reply?—but—there was no  
time for reflection. He knew that the  
central office would share all his con-  
fidences through that infernal piece of  
black walnut and ebony. So he said:

"Yes."

"Why do you not come? Dinner is  
waiting for you."

How well he knew the pretty inflec-  
tions of that voice!

"I wish no dinner—I am going away  
—good-by."

It might have been the conventional  
telephonic "good-by," or it might con-  
tain a profounder meaning.

The effect at the other end of the line  
cannot be described. Ten minutes later  
a cab drove furiously up to the door of  
the apartment house, and Mildred, with  
white face and fast-beating heart,  
rushed into the room, and would have  
rushed into John's arms if he had let  
her.

"You are going away," she said,  
breathlessly.

"You are a very clever actress," said  
that gentleman, repulsing her intended  
embrace.

"A what?" said she, amazed. "John,  
what's the—"

"A very clever actress," said he, quite  
as if she had not spoken, "but hereafter  
we will have a more perfect under-

standing, and you need not trouble  
yourself."

"Why, John," said she, "have you lost  
your senses?"

"No; on the contrary, I have recov-  
ered them. I am no longer a dupe. I  
was fool enough to think you—"

"John, for God's sake tell me what  
this means!"

"Oh, Mildred! Mildred!" said he,  
breaking down utterly. "Why did you  
not tell me like an honest woman that  
you loved some one else?"

"John, you know, I—"

"Stop!" said he. "Stop! do not stain  
your soul with any more falsehood."

"You need not have married me,"  
went on the wretched man. "God  
knows I wish you had not."

She tried to put her arms about him  
as he paced to and fro in rapid strides,  
but he pushed her away angrily. "No,  
no more of that. That has lost its  
charm."

Mildred burst into tears.

"I never—would—have—believed—"

you would—be—so—so—cruel," sobbed  
she. "What have I done?"

"Done?" shouted the exasperated  
man. "done? Why, you have spoiled  
the life of an honest man, who doted on  
you, believed in you—like a trusting  
fool—who would have risked his life on  
your honesty—"

"Stop," said Mildred, and she gath-  
ered herself up to a fuller height than  
John's eyes had ever before beheld in  
her. She, too, was angry now.

"If you have any charges to make I  
demand that they be definite and not in  
base innuendo. You are very cruel and  
also very insulting to me. I shall not  
remain in this house to-night; nor re-  
turn to it until you have apologized."

And she swept from the room and from  
John's astonished sight.

A moment later he heard the messen-  
ger call, then heard his wife give an or-  
der for a cab, then saw her packing a  
handbag. He intended doing so him-  
self. But somehow having her do them  
was infinitely harder to bear.

Mildred was very angry. "Not a  
thing of his," she said to herself as she  
stripped off her rings and gathered her  
trinkets. "My purse, too," she thought,  
and went to the desk to find it. Her hus-  
band had been watching for this. He  
knew she would try to secure that let-  
ter.

"Oh," said he, "you are a little  
too late. You should have thought of that  
before."

These, to her, unmeaning words, ut-  
tered with much concentrated bitter-  
ness, made her seriously doubt his san-  
ity. She looked at him curiously. How  
else could she construe this incompre-  
hensible fury? she pursued. The  
thought had calmed her resentment.  
She went to his side, placed her hand  
kindly on his arm. "My dear John,"  
said she, "will you explain to me what  
all this means?"

He felt touched, and oh, how he  
longed to take her to his heart; but that  
could never be again.

"Will you first explain to me," he an-  
swered, trying to be hard and cold;  
"explain to me where you were yester-  
day?"

"Certainly he is mad," she thought,  
and she tried to be very calm.

"Ah, yes," he went on. "You can look  
very innocent, but, woman, look at  
that!" and with tragic gesture he held  
up the paper.

Mildred looked at it bewildered; then  
she read: "Dear Frank." A gleam of  
light first came into her face, and gradu-  
ally deepened into an expression of in-  
terest and amusement. She understood  
it all.

John looked to see her crushed, de-  
spairing and penitent; and instead he  
witnessed this unaccustomed, this ex-  
traordinary change, and laughter—  
peal after peal of silvery laughter—rang  
through the rooms. She tried to speak,  
but could not.

John in his turn began to think that  
she was mad. At last, with tears run-  
ning down her cheeks, not from grief  
this time, she said:

"Oh, you dear silly—silly thing! Oh,  
you dear goose—that's my story—and  
I was going to surprise you—and bring  
you ever—ever so much money—and  
now you have gone—and spoiled!"—and  
here she began to cry in earnest. "And  
—you—have—said—such—cruel—  
cruel—"

Her sobs, together with John's great  
enveloping arms, stifled the rest. "Oh, my  
angel, my angel, I have been such a  
brute. Can you ever forgive me?"—N.  
Y. Graphic.

## WHY SOLDIERS WERE TOO SHORT

Prince Bismarck Mystified by Criti-  
cism of German Troops.

Just at the time when vague reports  
were beginning to creep abroad that  
Germany was meditating fresh ex-  
tension of her frontier at the expense  
of Holland a Dutch officer of high rank  
happened to be visiting the court of  
Berlin and among other spectacles got  
up to amuse him a review was organ-  
ized at Potsdam.

"What does your excellency think of  
our soldiers?" asked Prince Bismarck  
as one of the regiments came marching  
past in admirable order.

"They look as if they knew how to  
fight," replied the visitor, gravely, "but  
they are not quite tall enough."

The prince looked rather surprised,  
but made no answer, and several other  
regiments filed past in succession, but  
the Dutchman's verdict upon each was  
still the same: "Not tall enough."

At length the grenadiers of the guard  
made their appearance—a magnificent  
body of veterans, big and stalwart  
enough to have satisfied even the giant-  
loving father of Frederick the Great,  
but the inexorable critic merely said:  
"Fine soldiers, but not tall enough."

Then Prince Bismarck rejoined:  
"These grenadiers are the finest men in  
our whole army; may I ask what your  
excellency is pleased to mean by saying  
that they are not tall enough?"

The Dutchman looked him full in the  
face and replied with significant em-  
phasis: "I mean that we can flood our  
country 12 feet deep."—London Tri-  
bune.

## FIREPROOF WOOD FOR SHIPS.

Some of the Advantages and Disad-  
vantages Incident to Its Use.

Nonflammable wood, or fireproof  
wood, as it is commonly spoken of out-  
side of the circle of experts, has re-  
ceived considerable attention from  
naval constructors and naval engineers  
since the Yaloo river fight in the China-  
Japan war, and more especially at the  
recent international congress of naval  
architects and marine engineers at  
London, and from the naval authorities  
of the United States and Japan. The  
chief of the bureau of ordnance of the  
United States navy recently made some  
tests of fireproof wood for the purpose  
of reporting upon its value for use in  
making boxes for fixed ammunition.

His report declares that the wood, by  
being treated with the chemicals used  
in the fireproof process, lost consider-  
able strength and was difficult to work;  
that it also corroded, a piece of brass  
placed between two pieces of it, ab-  
sorbed moisture to a marked extent and  
refused to receive paint. This report  
resulted in instructions by Secretary  
Long to the board of bureau chiefs to  
make a thorough investigation of the  
use of fireproof wood, and the result is  
predicted that the government will find  
it advisable to cancel contracts that  
have been made for fitting vessels under  
construction with wood thus treated.

The board of bureau chiefs has re-  
ceived several reports already. The  
Columbian iron works at Baltimore re-  
ports that five coats of paint were tried  
on a single section of fireproof wood,  
and it refused to receive any of them.  
Of the superintending constructors at  
the various naval stations one report  
declares that the tools employed in  
working the wood have been badly cor-  
roded by the chemicals used in the fire-  
proofing treatment. Another makes  
a report upon the corrosive effect upon  
the steel and iron in the ship. It is also  
reported that the wood is exceedingly  
porous and is apt to make the decks of  
a ship spongy. An article recently ap-  
peared in an English service paper writ-  
ten by "an expert" in which the writer  
describes the decks of the armored  
cruiser Brooklyn as of nonflammable  
wood, and he contrasted their appear-  
ance disadvantageously with those of  
the British men-of-war. He also pre-  
dicted that the decks would not wear  
well and was generally uncompliment-  
ary to nonflammable wood.

Prof. Biles, the well-known English  
expert, has corrected this statement by  
declaring the decks of the Brooklyn are  
not of nonflammable wood, but that they  
are "thoroughly sound and thor-  
oughly durable" and every respect up  
to the mark. The decks of the Brooklyn  
are of Oregon pine. The gunboat Helena  
is fitted with a deck made of fireproof  
wood, and the board of bureau chiefs is  
to make a close inspection of the ma-  
terial and its effect upon the ship and  
report upon the advisability of its use  
in the future. The only large vessel in  
the navy the decks of which are built  
with the fireproof wood is the battle-  
ship Iowa.

The subject of nonflammable wood  
was discussed at much length by the  
international congress of naval archi-  
tects and marine engineers. Charles E.  
Ellis, describing the process of making  
wood noncombustible, said that it in-  
creased the weight from eight to fifteen  
per cent., and that the arguments for its  
use rested upon two grounds only—i. e.,  
because it is nonflammable and be-  
cause, by reason of its low conductivity  
of heat, it may be employed in substi-  
tution for material of greater conduc-  
tive power. Others spoke favorably of the  
material. Its chief drawbacks were  
represented to be its weight and cost.

Prof. Biles suggested that the effect of  
weather on the wood might be nullified  
if the decks were washed with a solu-  
tion of the chemicals used in the fire-  
proofing process. The system is really  
an American invention, and so much  
discussion was given the subject by the  
congress that the British admiralty  
has ordered a series of experiments to  
be made at the Chatham dockyard in  
order to obtain additional and valuable  
information of the advantages or dis-  
advantages of the fireproof wood.—N.  
Y. Tribune.

## An Archaeological Thief.

It would seem that French thieves  
and housebreakers, when searching for  
art treasures, are more or less affected  
by the genius of their spoils. Recently  
an enterprising but undiscovered per-  
sonage managed to effect an entry into  
the Maison Carree, at Nimes, and to  
carry off the famous Goudard collec-  
tion of over 8,000 Roman coins. In-  
stead of rushing off with them to the  
melting pot, he seems to have wan-  
dered about the other interesting relics  
of antiquity, for which the old provin-  
cial city is famous; and, after some hesi-  
tation, selected the immediate neigh-  
borhood of the Tourmagne—that still  
unexplained enigma of the past—for a  
hiding place. The spoiler of the  
Maison Carree, in his choice, seems to  
have leaned to the views of those ar-  
chaeologists who maintain that the  
Tourmagne was a treasure house in  
Roman or pre-Roman times. At any  
rate, he used it as such, for the whole  
collection was found stored away  
there, and has now been once more  
replaced in its usual and accessible  
show cases.—N. Y. Times.

## The True Scriptural Age of Man.

We have all heard of the well-worn  
axiom attributed to the psalmist: "The  
days of a man are three score and ten,"  
but in Genesis vii, 3, will be found the  
following passage: "Yet his days shall  
be an hundred and twenty years." This  
passage seems to have been overlooked,  
as I have rarely seen it quoted, al-  
though, curiously enough, it exactly  
corresponds to the theory that man  
should attain five times the period of  
reaching his maturity.—Alice Glenesk,  
in Nineteenth Century.

## Out of Sight.

He—Do you think she shows her  
age?

She—Shows it? Why, she has her age  
buried nearly an inch deep!—St. Louis  
Republic.

## AMERICAN HUMOR.

The Genuine Article Is Becoming  
Very Scarce.

America was once famous for its hu-  
mor. It was a continental humor, an  
extravagant humor, a humor that de-  
lighted in antitheses and contradiction,  
but it was genuine and hearty and con-  
tained many honest laughs. It is a  
pertinent question to ask what has be-  
come of this humor? Are its makers  
gone? Have they left it no successors?  
So it seems, for, while never before in  
the history of the republic have there  
been so many professedly comic pub-  
lications, and while never before has the  
joke been as assiduously pursued, never  
before has the output of real fun been  
as pitifully meager and small.

The comic papers, although in num-  
bers as the sands of the seashore, con-  
tain little else but boiler plate jokes.  
The situations never change, new ideas  
are never introduced, everything is as  
hopelessly artificial and jejune as the  
perspective of a Chinese landscape  
painting. There is no episode except  
the one of catastrophe; no lovers ex-  
cept those kicked off the premises; no  
tramps but those fleeing from the pitch-  
fork of some caricatured agriculturist  
or dodging the assault of an impossible  
dog. Bicycling is limited to corpulent  
middle-aged persons or to shadowy  
spinsters, or to scorchers whose physi-  
ognomies are borrowed from the rogues'  
galleries. All negroes are represented  
as baboons, all Irish as barbarians, all  
Germans as beer-drinking idiots, and  
all Hebrews as people intent upon de-  
frauding insurance companies.

We are told that the caricaturists have  
a new device by means of which they  
now work by mechanical process. The  
product indicates that the machine has  
gone into general use. As the essence  
of fun is surprise, who can be amused  
when you know before a look at the  
cover, not only the general run of the  
contents, but the detail as well? The  
poverty of mental resources shown by  
our so-called comic weeklies demon-  
strates that to be funny all the time is  
not to be funny, and that to be humor-  
ous all the time is to be systematically  
dull. American humor is becoming ex-  
tinct, and the substitutes for it are  
the dreariest outputs in the world.

There have been American humorists,  
and there have been American humorists.  
The equal of "Phenix" Artemus Ward,  
Orpheus C. Kerr, Mark Twain, Josh  
Billings, Charles W. Foster, Q. K. Phil-  
ander Doesticks, P. B.; Philip Welch,  
Hans Breitmann, and the like nowhere  
existed. Persons, old or young, who  
feed the broad columns of the so-called  
comic weeklies are happily anonymous.  
—Des Moines Leader.

## CHEAP WAY TO GET NEWS.

Economy Shown by Business Men on  
the Alley "L" Trains.

Even a penny is a large amount of  
money to people these days. In fact, it  
has looked quite large to a considerable  
portion of the traveling public ever  
since the transportation lines com-  
menced operations, and men have been  
accustomed to read papers while in  
transit and abandon them when near-  
ing their getting-off places. This read-  
ing the paper on the trains is as much  
an industry with many men as the  
daily business at their offices. They  
buy the papers at the stations where  
they get on the alley "L" trains, read  
them hurriedly while riding north-  
ward and toss them aside at Twelfth  
street. They are of the class who stand  
up between the two last stations in or-  
der to crowd to the front door and get  
off first.

In every car there are always men  
who do not rush to get off. They play  
with watch chains, gaze at the readers  
and vary the monotony by looking out  
of the windows. They have no papers,  
but they want them. So when the busy  
readers rush to the front and leave  
their dailies behind these thrifty men  
prowl about under seats and on seats  
looking for a chance to procure the  
news at no cost to themselves. The  
trainmen, of course, are busy on the  
platforms and have no opportunity to  
pick up the papers when the owners  
have abandoned them.

Now, these economists have favorite  
sheets. They seize the first at hand on  
the chance of finding one of their favor-  
ite publications. Then they hold on  
grimly, still looking eagerly about. If  
they locate one they most affect they  
seize upon it with a look of exultation,  
drop the other and pass out of the car  
cautiously folding up the paper as if they  
had been immersed in the news and  
never noticed how near it was to Con-  
gress street. It's cheap and nobody  
notices them, as they suppose.—Chicago  
Chronicle.

## Camphor Trees in Florida.

The failure of the world's supply of  
camphor would deprive mankind of a  
great boon. There is probably no  
actual danger of such failure, yet the  
camphor trees of China, Formosa and  
Japan have been destroyed so rapidly in  
recent years that the question has been  
discussed whether they can be replaced.  
It would be desirable, if possible, to  
cultivate them in lands lying nearer to  
the great centers of civilization, and ex-  
periments are said to have shown that  
the climate of Florida is well suited to  
their growth. Cultivated in Florida by  
scientific methods, it is claimed that  
the life of the trees could be saved, in-  
stead of being destroyed, in the process of  
collecting the precious gum







# Inherited Blood Taint.

Here is a case of inherited blood taint which resulted in what threatened to be a complete wreck of an innocent young life. The most serious feature of being afflicted with a blood disease is the fact that innocent posterity must suffer. The man or woman with the slightest taint in the blood forces the undesirable legacy of impurity upon their children whose veins flow with the impure inheritance which handicaps them in the race of life.

No child who has a trace of bad blood can be healthy or strong, and those predisposed to Scrofula are liable to a great deal of sickness, because their constitutions are weak and cannot withstand the many dangers which beset the path of childhood. Medical statistics show that a majority of lung troubles result directly from Scrofula, so that a child afflicted with this disease is likely to fall a victim to dreaded consumption.

Mr. W. A. Clayton, of Addie, N. C., believes S.S.S. is the only blood remedy which can have any effect whatever upon obstinate cases. He says:

"My three-year-old boy had the worst case of Scrofula I ever heard of. He



MR. W. A. CLAYTON.

was given many blood remedies without relief, and treated by the best doctors. He seemed to get worse all the while, however, and the disease finally resulted in curvature of the spine, making him utterly helpless.

"The bad sores on his neck increased in size, and were a source of constant pain. He was in this pitiful condition for two years, when some one recommended S.S.S., stating that it had cured some of the worst cases of blood diseases. As soon as his system was under the effect of the medicine, the sores began to get better, and in eight days were completely healed. Before long he could walk on crutches, and was improving every day. In three months he threw aside his crutches, for he had no further use for them; the dreadful disease had been eliminated entirely from his system, and he was restored to perfect health. The cure was a permanent one, as no sign of the disease has returned for ten years."

S.S.S. is a real blood remedy, and promptly reaches all deep-seated and obstinate blood diseases, it matters not what other treatment has failed. It is the only remedy which acts on the correct principle of forcing the disease from the system and getting rid of it permanently.

S. S. S. is a sure cure for Scrofula, Cancer, Catarrh, Eczema, Rheumatism, Tetters, and all other blood diseases. It is

## Purely Vegetable

and is the only remedy guaranteed to contain no potash, mercury or other harmful mineral.

Books on blood and skin diseases will be mailed free to any address by the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

## ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE

ALL persons having claims against the assigned estate of H. Margolen are requested to present them at once properly proven as required by law to the undersigned, in Paris, Ky. Those knowing themselves indebted to H. Margolen are requested to pay promptly and thereby avoid court cost.

LOUIS SALOSHIN,

Assignee.  
HARMON STITT, Attorney.  
(1102)

## ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE

All persons having claims against the assigned estate of T. H. Tarr are hereby notified to present same at once, properly proven, to the undersigned, or same may be barred by law.

R. E. ASHBROOK,

Assignee of T. H. Tarr.  
JANN & ASHBROOK, Att'ys. (22)je

## "B G FOUR"

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## HERMIT OF ANTRIM.

AN EDUCATED MAN'S SOLITARY EXISTENCE IN IRISH CAVES.

There is a Mystery About Him, and No One Can Tell Whence He Came—His Food Consists of Potatoes Only, but He Cooks Them Before Eating.

There are portions of the north of Ireland where nature assumes a grand and wild aspect. On the coast of Antrim there is no armistice in the furious battle that, since the first ages of the terrestrial globe, was engaged between the waves and the rocks. Columns of basalt, like gigantic sentinels, stand on guard to resist the invasion of the ocean, and the profound excavations made under the granite rocks that protect this portion of the soil of La Verte Erin prove that the waves must have frequently made most vigorous onslaughts and only retired after they had mined a land which they could not conquer.

It is not difficult to imagine that this majestic and desolate site should have seduced one of the vanquished ones in life, one who had absolutely decided to separate himself from the society of man. The real hermits are becoming more and more rare—indeed, it was believed that they had completely disappeared—but if a vocation for that singularly abandoned profession could still be felt by any one it might be in the presence of the marvelous spectacle of that sea whose waves never subside, of those grottoes whose pillars and vaults possess a power which the art of the architect can never equal. Nature herself seems to have created in those rocks a refuge for the shipwrecked, for the proscribed and perhaps also for those who despise the vanities of life.

About ten years ago a mysterious individual made his home in the grottoes of the coast of Antrim. The approach of any human being seemed to inspire him with an invincible repugnance. As soon as the cavern which he had selected for his refuge was discovered by the fishermen of the neighborhood he immediately disappeared and took up his quarters 20 or 30 kilometers farther on in another retreat which appeared more inaccessible. For a few months his domicile was in an old abandoned mine, the principal gallery of which advanced under the ground to the distance of about five kilometers, but as the inhabitants of the nearest village had long before carried away the beams that sustained the vault to convert them into firewood the hermit was obliged to quit that dangerous refuge, where he was constantly exposed to the danger of being buried alive. So he installed himself in a grotto, the access to which was more easily discovered, but it was less obscure, less humid and less liable to cave in. There he flattered himself that he would find at least some of the conditions of existence that belonged to the men of the caverns. But it was in vain that he hoped to return to the life of the first ages of prehistoric humanity. He was obliged to pay tribute to the exigencies of civilization and to manifest less repugnance for all contact with his fellow beings.

One day he found an empty barrel that the tempest had tossed upon the shore, and he could not resist the temptation of bringing it home to serve as a bed. Some indiscreet persons, taking advantage of his absence to visit his apartments, discovered that he had a pot for cooking his food. Where did that cooking utensil come from? Was it also a piece of wreckage rolled up upon the sand by the furious waves, or was it the last souvenir of civilized life carried away by the anchorite who, while endeavoring to return to the conditions of existence that belonged to prehistoric times, could not abandon the habit of cooking his food?

That is a question which has never been answered, and it is also impossible to find out where he gets the potatoes upon which he lives. Did they come from the discreet charity of the poor fishermen of the neighborhood, who at the proper time renewed his provisions, or in separating himself from the world did he make arrangements for the transportation of his modest provisions? That is also a mystery which has never been fathomed. One point, however, is certain, and that is that the hermit determined to live upon potatoes alone. One day a sailor offered him half of his dinner. The hermit pretended to be glad to accept the gift, but he never touched the food. In the absence of the kind hearted sailor he tossed it into the sea. Apparently he also vowed that he would never enter a house and never touch a piece of money. He kept his resolutions. Nothing could ever induce him to cross the threshold of any one of the little houses of the fishermen, who began to have a sort of affection for him, and never once was he known to beg. The only liberality that he would accept and that he solicited from the munificence of strangers was a match to light the firewood gathered for cooking his potatoes.

The Rev. J. H. Bernard endeavored to lift the veil that hid the origin and antecedents of this mysterious personage. The man of the caverns of Antrim endeavors in vain to live the life of a savage. It has been recognized by more than one sign that he has received a good education. From time to time he read to the fishermen some passages from the Bible, but he never comments upon them. There is no evidence going to show that the man has any particular form of insanity beyond, perhaps, the harmless one of the love of solitude. He is always alone, and never appears and seems to be sound and vigorous in body. He speaks with a fluent, so that it is impossible to find a locality in which he came. He seldom smiles, but he doesn't look sad. On the contrary, he has resigned, perfectly so, and who he is, and why he is there, such an extraordinary thing. In tell.—London Figaro.

## THE OLD FLYBOOK.

It Is Dearer to the Angler Than Any Other Possession.

Is there anything closer to an angler's heart than his flybook? I know of a case where a burglar, among other things, took a flybook. He was arrested and speedily convicted and imprisoned. He cleared things out pretty well in the house, but the owner seemed to care for nothing about the missing fur coats, sealskin sacks, silverware and other valuable Lures and Pennants, but he did bewail the loss of his book of flies. The other things he could buy again, but to get together such an assortment of valuable flies seemed to him an impossible thing. He had been years collecting them, picking up odd ones here and there, until, for quality and variety, his book could not be excelled.

It was a fly storehouse, as it were. No matter where he intended fishing, or whether for trout, bass or salmon, he could always find a choice assortment to draw from with which to fill up a supplementary book.

Although it was some time ago he yet bewails the loss of that flybook. Many have been the efforts to get track of it, but all in vain. He has gone to the expense of sending to the prison in a distant city and endeavoring to prevail upon the convict to divulge the hiding place of the book, but without success. A persistent search of the pawnshops and periodical advertising have produced no better results.

There were flies in that book for trout and salmon in Irish waters, flies for the salmon and trout of the Scotch lakes and the English streams and flies for the salmon of Norway. The favorites from Maine to California and from one end of Canada to another were collected in that wallet—anything and everything, from the feather down midge with cobweb gut to the lordly salmon fly, absolutely irresistible to the lurking salmon deep down in the icy pools of the Cascapedia.

There were flies in that book on which famous bass, trout and salmon had been hooked, each fly carrying with it memories of battles fought from canoes among the rushing, swirling waters.—Forest and Stream.

## MOONSHINER IN REAL LIFE.

Quite Different From His Conferees as Seen on the Stage.

The Kentucky moonshiner in real life does not resemble his counterpart, described in novels and impersonated on the stage, in the least. He does not wear top boots and a slouch hat. As a rule he is too poor to possess the former, and he is more apt to go barefoot or to amble along in a pair of worn-out brogans than to wear top boots. His hat is usually a torn straw "Jimmy" and his clothes are yellow and faded with age. Regularly, on days when the grand jury meets in Louisville, a dozen or more of the moonshiners are presented for indictment. They present a woebegone appearance as they pass along the streets in charge of the marshal. In their own poor homes in the mountains they are hospitable, but of the stranger ever suspicious. The latter may make his bed in the one room where the entire family sleeps, but his request for a taste of liquor brings forth a statement that none is to be had this side of "the store." At the same time a still may be in operation within ten feet of his whereabouts.

"The store" represents to the mountaineer all civilization. On winter mornings he will tramp to it through cold and snow to sell a few stiff rabbits and swap yarns not over brilliant. One of the mountaineer's chief sources of income is his honey, and this finds ready sale at "the store." The moonshiner seldom receives money in pay for his wares, but is paid in a bit of bright calico for his wife or a shoulder of bacon. If he can add to this a few pipes of tobacco, he is well satisfied with the results of his labors.—New York Commercial.

## What Typhoid Fever Costs.

A correspondent of the Washington Post gives the following appalling typhoid statistics: Every year in the United States 400,000 people are sick with typhoid fever. Forty thousand of them die. They are sick 28 days on an average out of every 365 days. Thus we have 11,200,000 days of sickness from this disease.

Every case of this sickness means one month, generally two months, of idleness. If the wages of the patient are only 50 cents a day, there is a loss of \$15 a month. Generally this sickness means a loss of wages in two months' time of \$60 or \$80. The average loss of wages for six weeks would be \$50. Add to this the doctor's bill, which is anywhere from \$60 to \$100—we will say \$60. If the patient lives in the city and has a trained nurse for only three weeks, there is another \$45. Ten dollars for the prepared food, ice, milk, etc., brings this moderate bill up to \$165. Multiply this by the number of people sick, and we can see every year in the United States \$66,000,000 lost to patients by the inroads of this one disease.

## Looking Backward.

"You must feel very happy in this lovely cottage you call your own." "How can I when I think of my family that owned an estate of thousands of acres, with a castle and a whole regiment of servants?" "Why, when did they lose it?" "During the eleventh century."—Brooklyn Life.

Stockport, England, boasts one of the largest Sunday schools in the world. The total number of scholars at present on the books is no fewer than 4,834, while there are 238 male and 195 female teachers—a grand army of over 5,000.

It is estimated that over 2,000,000 people are employed in the manufacture of shoes in the United States, and that about 1,000,000 are employed in the shoe trade generally.

## HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

## WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passing. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effect following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet both sent free by mail. Mention The Paris (Ky.) News and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer. (24sp-1mo)

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During the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition at Nashville, Tenn., a low rate special tariff has been established for the sale of tickets from Cincinnati and other terminal points on the Queen & Crescent Route.

Tickets are on sale until further notice to Chattanooga at \$5.35 one way or \$5.75 round trip from Georgetown, the round trip tickets being good seven days to return; other tickets, with longer return limit, at \$8.65 and at \$11.80 for the round trip.

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